

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!

PDC

DAREDEVIL

NO. 27

The Greatest Name in Comics

10¢

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



LEV GLEASON
INTEGRITY
PUBLICATIONS

BIRO



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**DON'T
MISS**

**THE MOST SENSATIONAL
DYNAMIC CRIME STORY
YET TOLD**

"KILL CRAZY KEAST"

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

"CRIME DOES NOT PAY"

**OUT
SOON!**

**MANY OTHER TRUE
CRIME STORIES!**

INCLUDING

"THE BUTCHER OF BOSTON"
"LANDRU THE TERRIBLE"
"PHANTOM IN THE FIRE"
"TWIN IDOLS OF EVIL"
and others!

STILL WOWING THE NATION !!
THE GREATEST TEAM IN COMICS—
"CRIMEBUSTER" and "SQUEEKS"
ARE MORE TERRIFIC THAN EVER
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

BOY COMICS (THE ALL BOY
HERO MAGAZINE)

Watch for it on
your newsstand!



**OUT
SOON!**

FOR OUR OWN—

THE U.S.O., A HOME AWAY
FROM HOME FOR THE MEN AND
WOMEN OF OUR ARMED FORCES
IN THEIR OFF-DUTY HOURS.

U.S.O.-CAMP SHOWS WHICH
KEEP THEM LAUGHING IN EVERY
COMBAT ZONE

UNITED SEAMEN'S SERVICE
WHICH PROVIDES RECREATION
AND SERVES THE NEEDS OF
OUR SEAMEN IN PORTS ALL
OVER THE WORLD!

WAR PRISONERS' AID FOR
THOUSANDS WHO LANGUISH
IN PRISON CAMPS AND WHOSE
LIVES ARE BOUNDED BY
BARBED WIRE!

Give TO THE NATIONAL WAR FUND!



FOR OUR ALLIES—

CARE AND REHABILITATION FOR
CHILD WAR VICTIMS!

FOOD FOR THOSE WHOSE LANDS
WERE STRIPPED BY AXIS HORDES.

MEDICAL AID FOR THE
UNDERNOURISHED AND ILL.

SHELTER FOR MANY
VICTIMS OF RUIN AND PILLAGE.

CLOTHING FOR THOSE WHOSE
HOMES AND BELONGINGS HAVE
BEEN SWEEPED BY WAR.

ASSISTANCE AND AID IN
STARTING LIFE ANEW FOR
THOUSANDS WHO HAVE ESCAPED
FROM AXIS TERROR.

IF I HAD KNOWN that some Americans would
be using pockets to hold all the extra money
they're making these days I never would have
invented them.

Pockets are good places to keep hands warm.

Pockets are good places to hold keys... and
loose change for carfare and newspapers.

But pockets are no place for any kind of money
except actual expense money these days.

The place—the only place—for money above
living expenses is in War Bonds.

"I'm sorry
I invented
the pocket!"



Bonds buy bullets for soldiers.

Bonds buy security for your old age.

Bonds buy education for your kids.

Bonds buy things you'll need later—that you
can't buy now.

Bonds buy peace of mind—knowing that your
money is in the fight.

Reach into the pocket I invented. Take out all
that extra cash. Invest it in interest-bearing War
Bonds.

You'll make me very happy if you do.

You'll be happy too.

WAR BONDS
to Have and to Hold

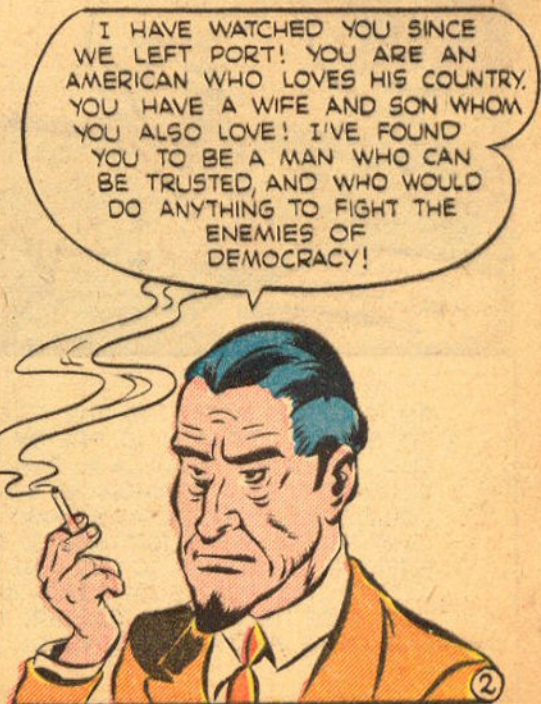
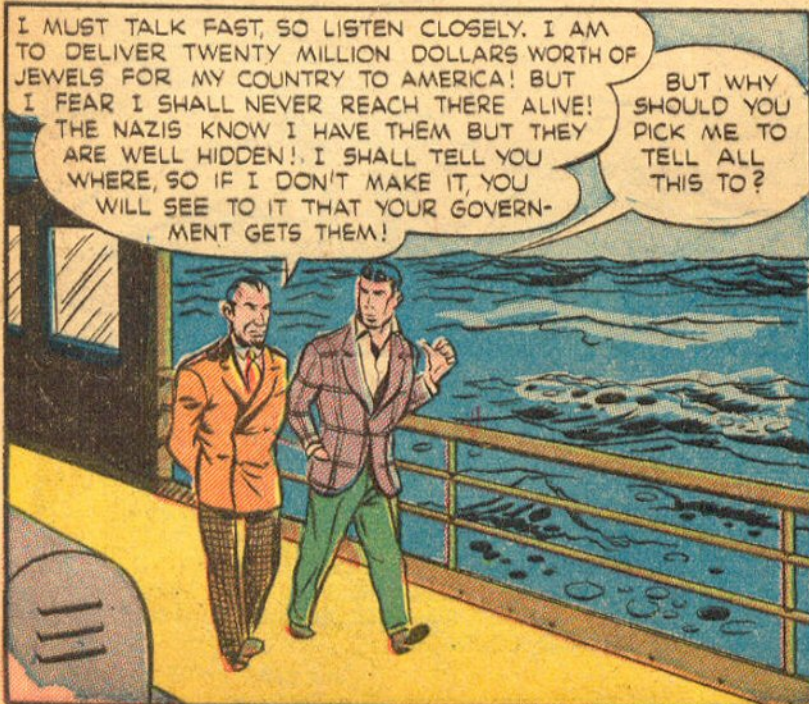
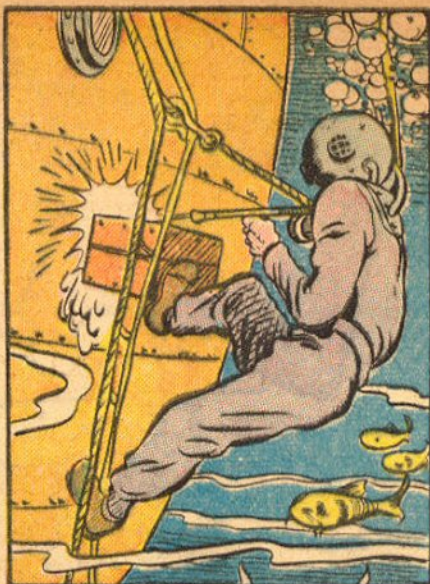


DAREDEVIL



TO "FIND THE MOTIVE" IS THE FIRST AIM OF CRIME DETECTORS. THEIR WORK, CONTRARY TO GENERAL OPINION, IS PRETTY MUCH A MATTER OF FACT. MOST DETECTIVES FOLLOW THIS AGE OLD ACCEPTED FORMULA, AND HAVE GREAT SUCCESS, BUT SOMETIMES, THEY FACE A CRIME COMMITTED BY A PSYCHOPATH, SOME LUNATIC WHO IS MOTIVATED ONLY BY A SICK MIND. COMPLETELY UNPREDICTABLE, MANY SUCH MURDERS HAVE GONE UNSOLVED. ELEVEN INNOCENT PEOPLE WERE TORTURED TO DEATH, APPARENTLY WITHOUT A MOTIVE, PRESENTING THE GREATEST CHALLENGE TO OUR AMERICAN LAW ENFORCEMENT IN ITS HISTORY. THE FIRST TO ACCEPT THIS PUZZLE OF DEATH IS **DAREDEVIL**. HERE HE FACES THE MOST FANTASTIC RIDDLE OF HIS EXCITING CAREER. THIS CASE IS TRULY A MOST DANGEROUS ONE TO SOLVE AND CALLS FOR A DETECTIVE OF LONG EXPERIENCE AND COURAGE.

Charles Biro



GLADSTONIA IS A VERY TINY COUNTRY, BUT IT HAD WEATH, SO HITLER INVADDED MY COUNTRY TO ROB US. WE HAVE MANAGED TO SMUGGLE OUT THE CROWN JEWELS AND WELDED THEM IN A BOX ONTO THIS SHIP! THE BOX IS HIDDEN UNDERWATER BELOW THE FIFTH PORTHOLE. THE NAZIS WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET THAT BOX, AND I WILL DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT THEM! IF NECESSARY, I SHALL TAKE MY OWN LIFE!



YOU ARE A BRAVE MAN, COUNT OLMO! YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME, AND IF NEED BE, I'LL DO MY BEST! GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, AND NOW I SHALL NOT SPEAK TO YOU FOR THE REST OF THE TRIP! EVEN NOW WE ARE BEING WATCHED, BUT I HAVE SPOKEN TO MANY PEOPLE BEFORE, SO THEY WILL HAVE NO SUSPICION!

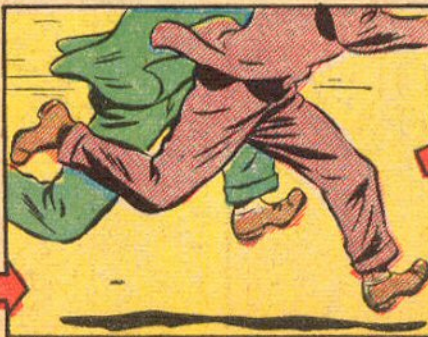
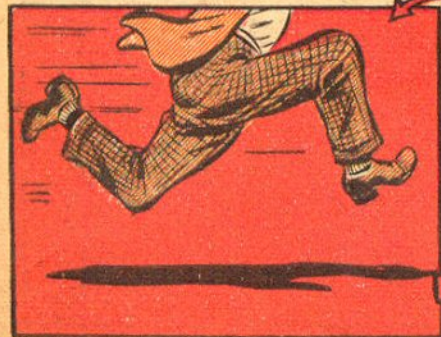
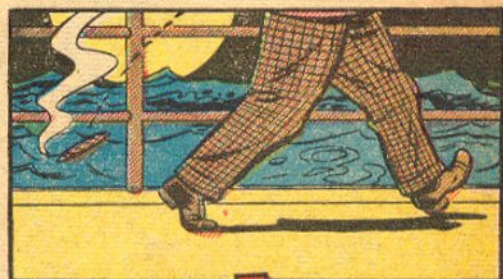


LATE THAT NIGHT...

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CIGAR BEFORE RETIRING. FOOTSTEPS!! NAZIS!! BUT I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D BE AFTER ME SO SOON!



I CAN JUST MAKE OUT THEIR SHADOWS! IT IS NAZIS!! I MUST GET TO WHERE THERE ARE PEOPLE, QUICK!



WE KNOW YOU HAVE THE JEWELS, COUNT OLMO, SO WHY NOT SPARE YOURSELF UNNECESSARY TORTURE, AND TELL US WHERE YOU HAVE THEM HIDDEN!

SO, THE GREAT SUPERMEN FIND THEY ARE NOT SO SMART AS THEY THINK THEY ARE!

ENUFF, CARL! WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE HIM CRY OUT HERE! NOW, OLMO, THAT WAS BUT A SMALL SAMPLE OF WHAT'S IN STORE FOR YOU! WHERE ARE THOSE JEWELS?

WHERE YOU'LL NEVER FIND THEM, AND YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ME TALK, NEVER!

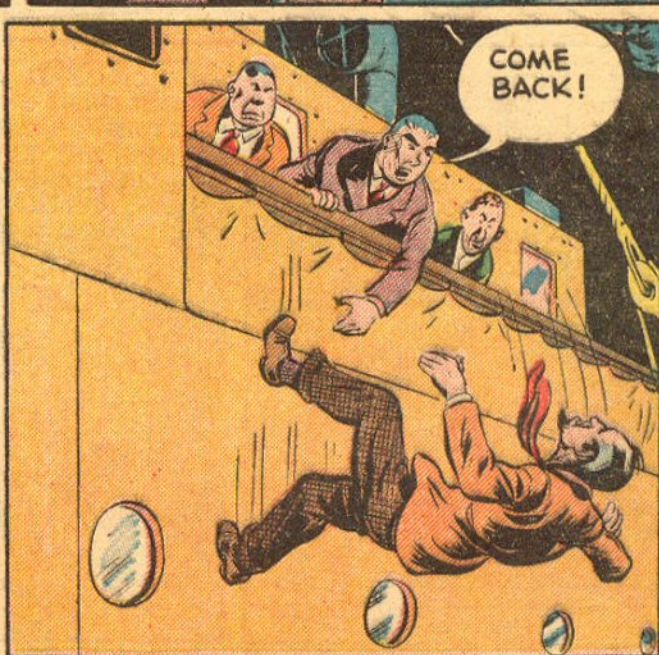


AND NOBODY ELSE CAN TELL YOU, BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD WHO KNOWS! I'M TAKING THAT SECRET WITH ME TO MY WATERY GRAVE!

GRAB HIM!



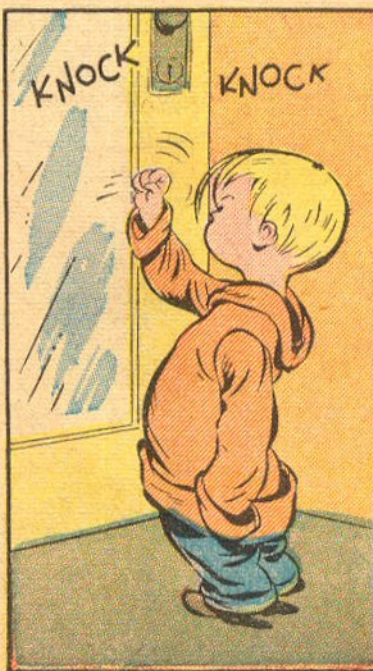
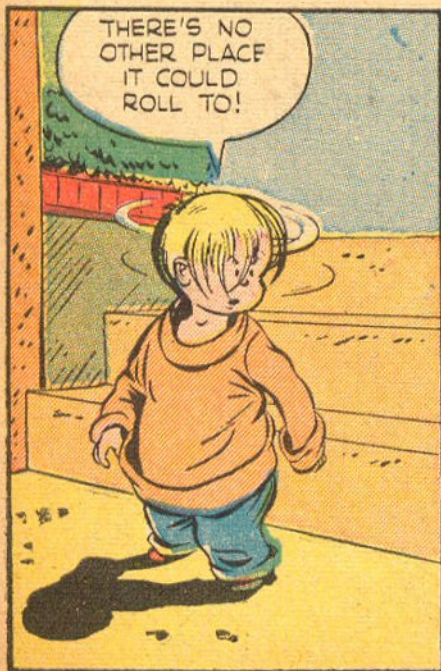
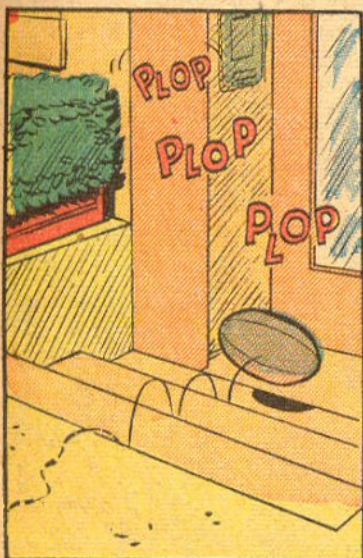
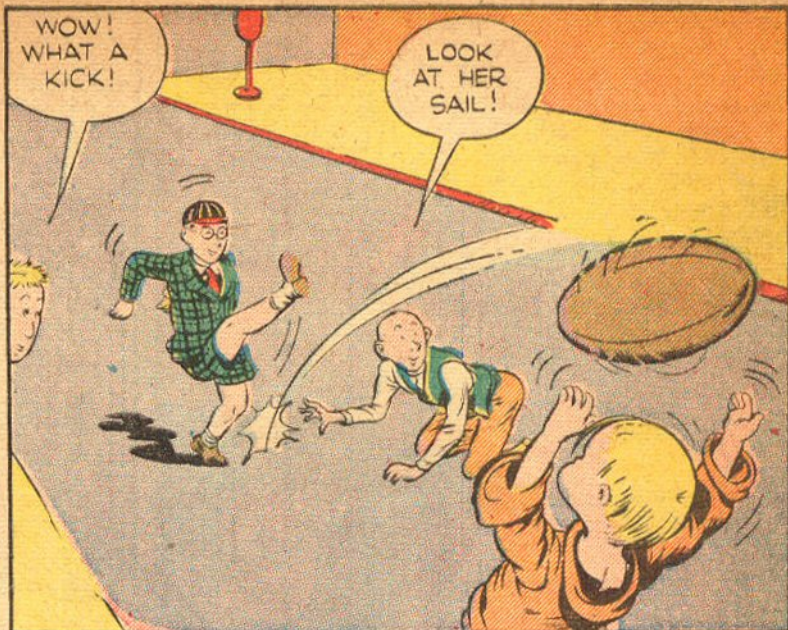
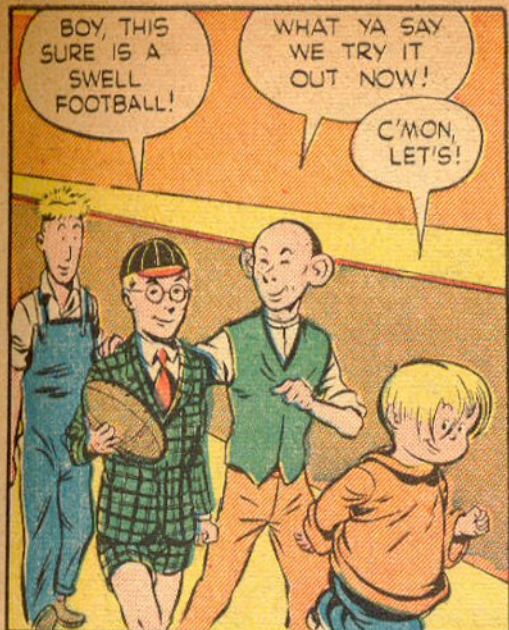
COME BACK!

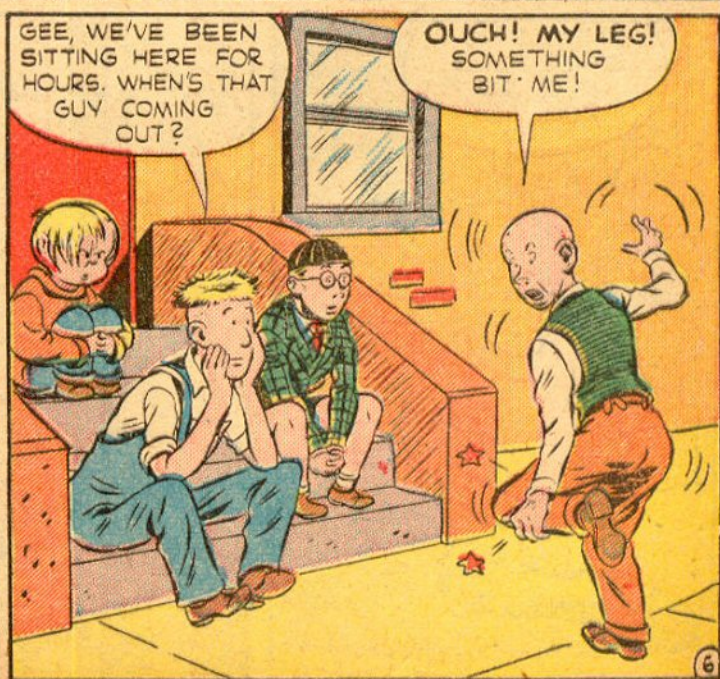
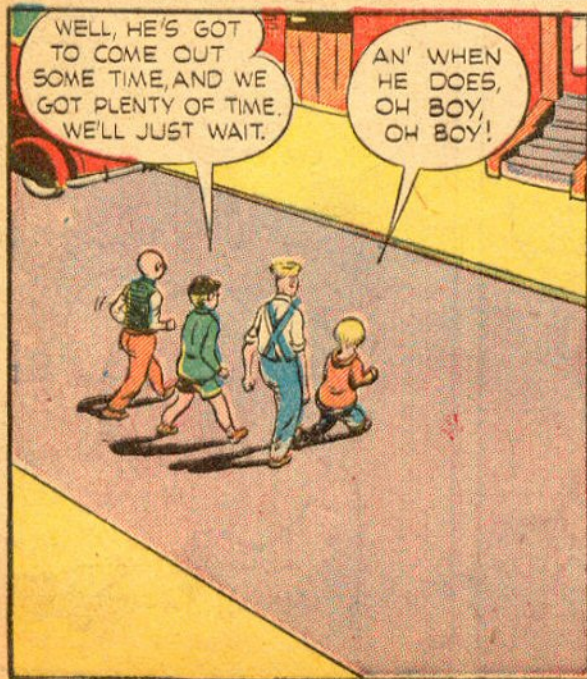
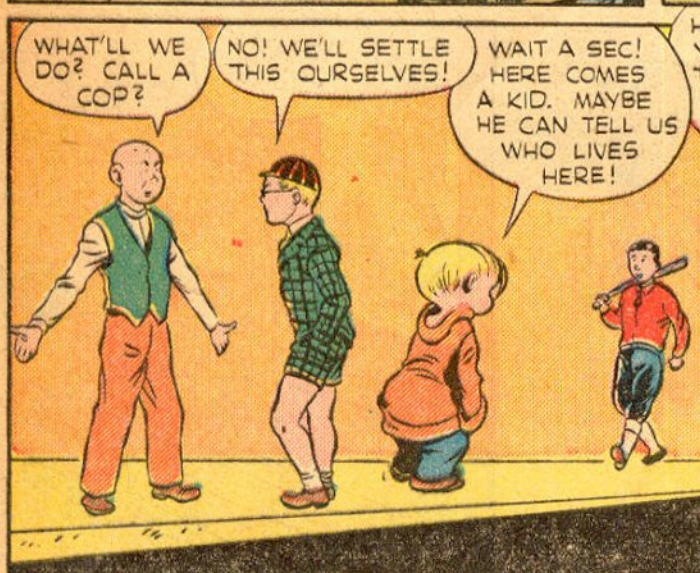


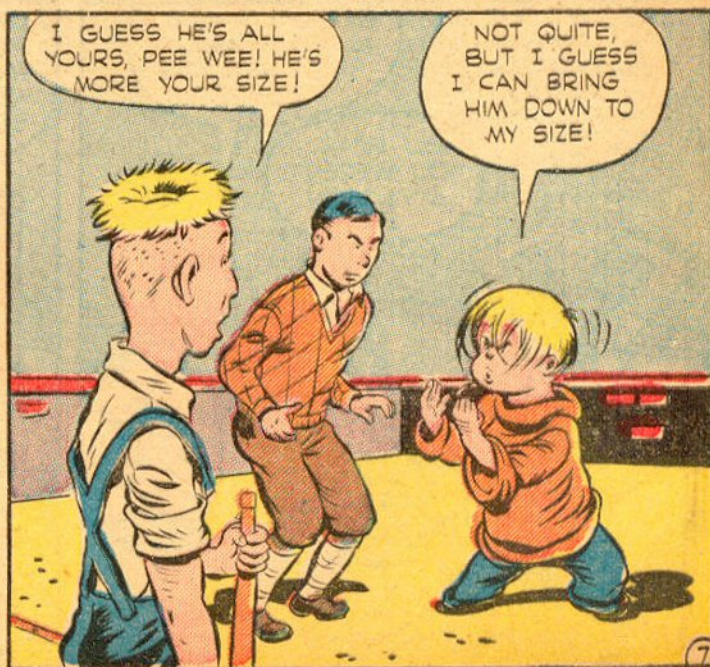
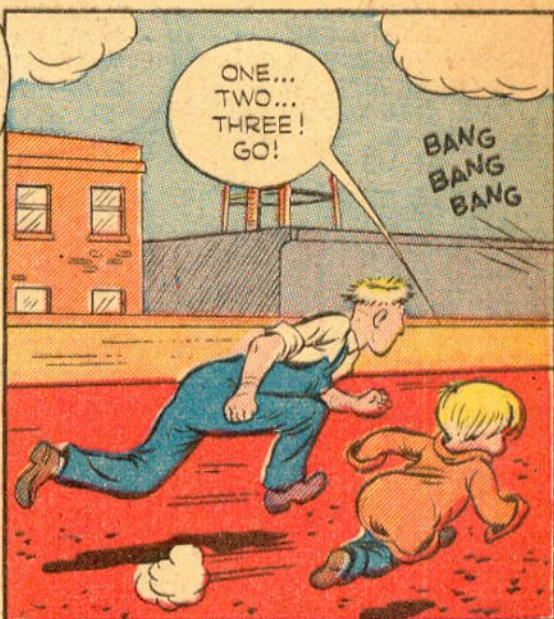
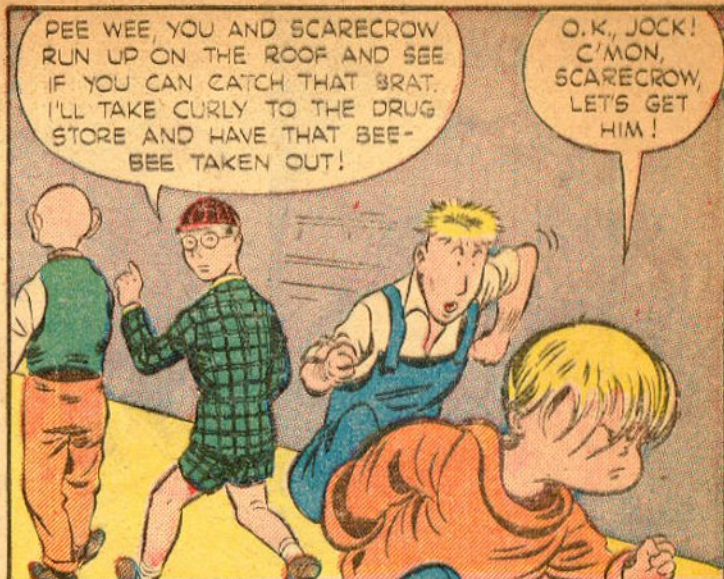
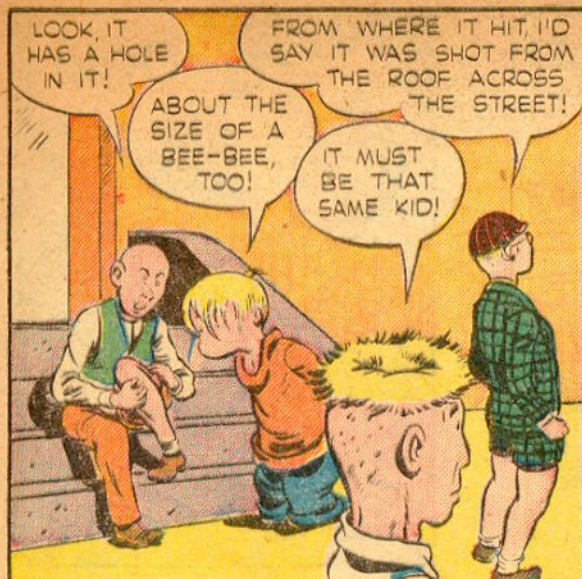
MY HEAVENS! HE'S JUMPED OVERBOARD! THEN EVERY WORD HE TOLD ME WAS THE TRUTH! WHAT HAVE I LET MYSELF IN FOR NOW!

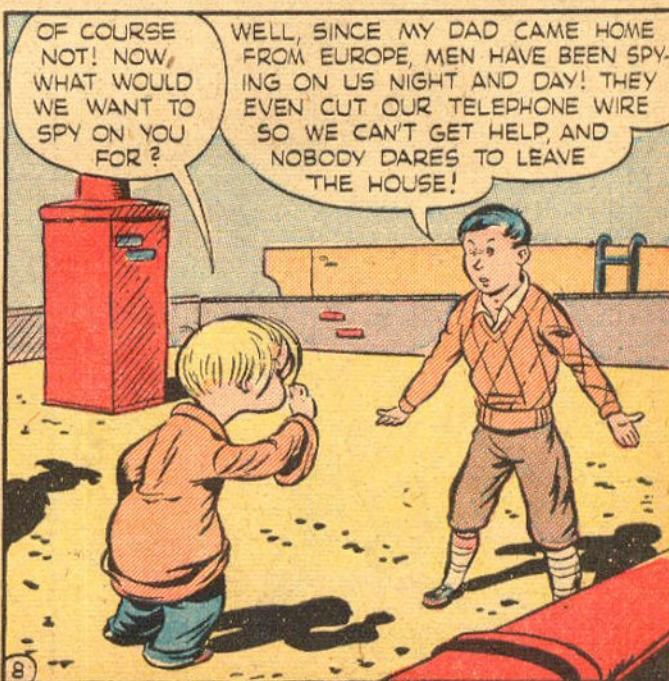
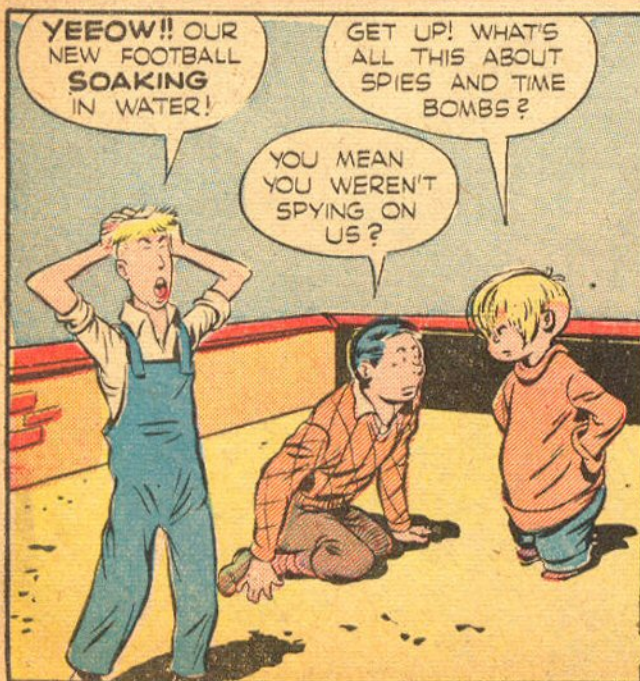
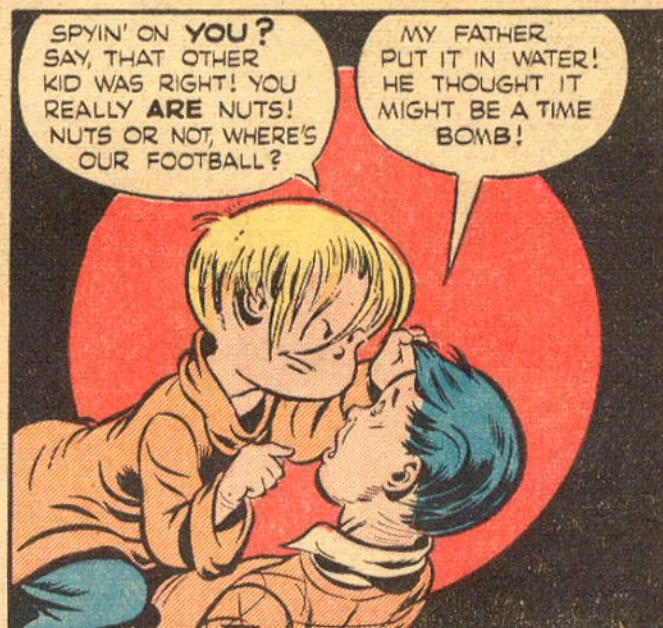
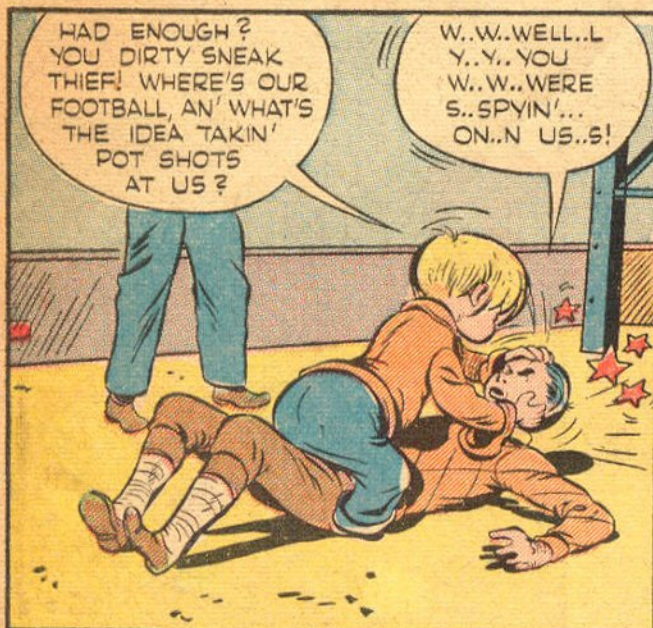
HE IS NOT SUCH A FOOL! HE TOLD SOMEONE WHERE THE BOX IS HIDDEN! GET THE NAME OF EVERY PERSON ON BOARD HE HAS SPOKEN TO. WE SHALL HAVE OUR AGENTS MEET THE BOAT AND TRAIL EVERYONE, NEVER LETTING THEM OUT OF OUR SIGHT, UNTIL WE FIND THOSE JEWELS!

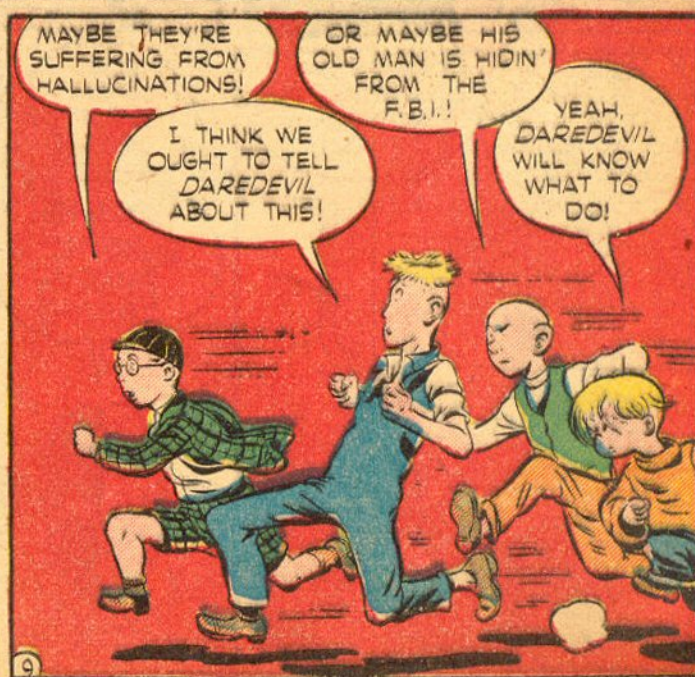
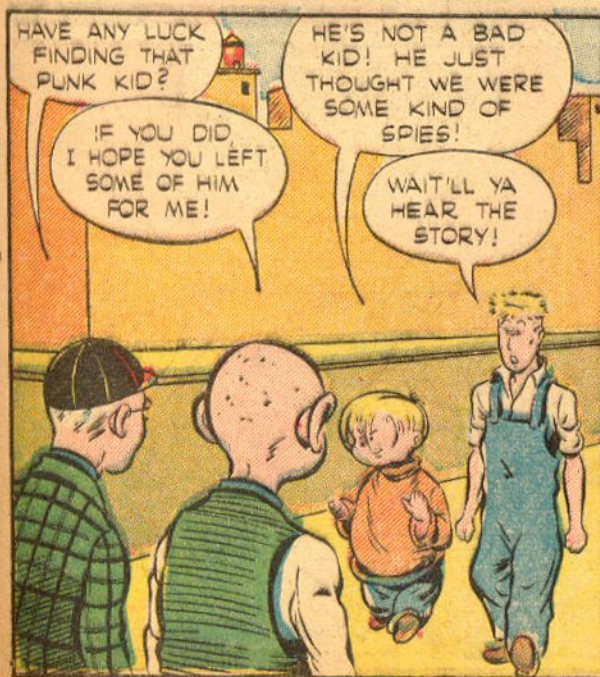
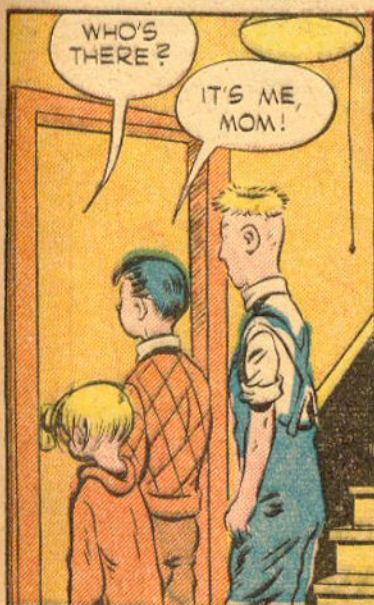
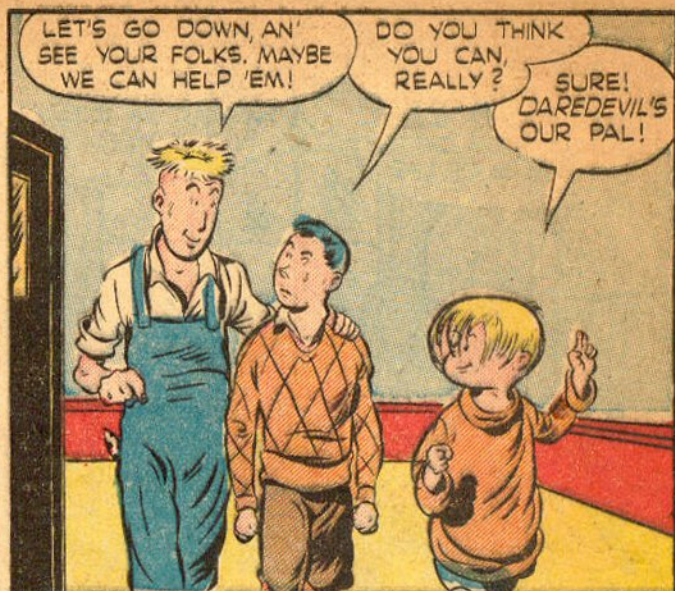


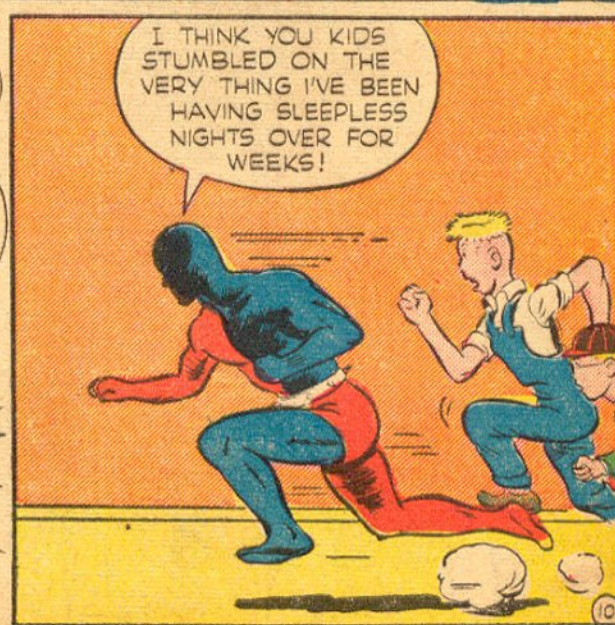
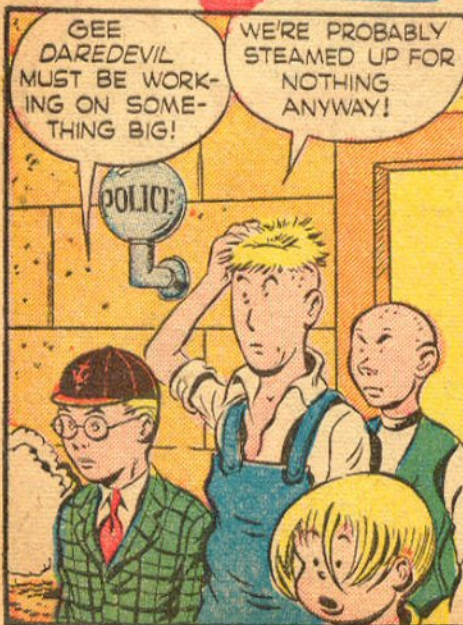
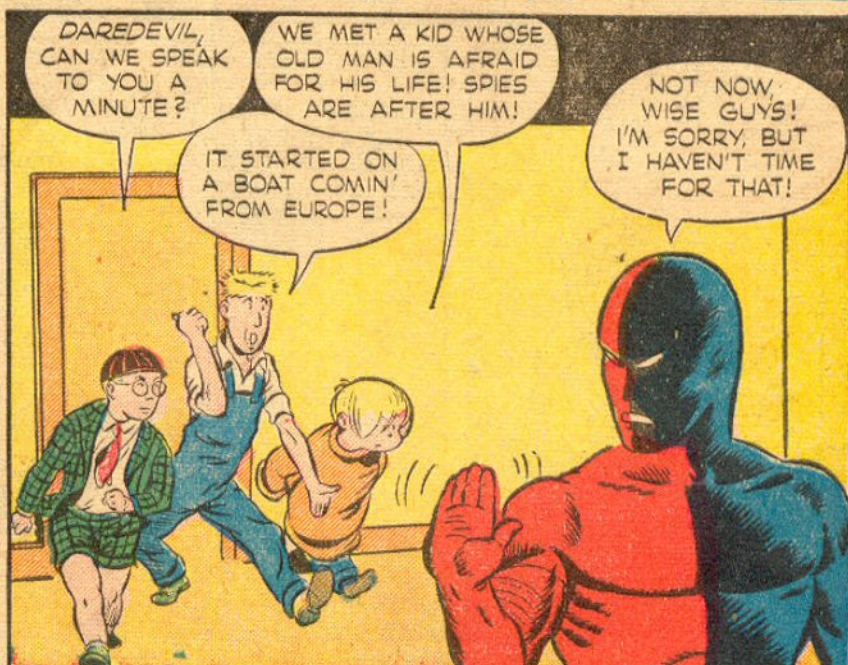














HERE'S THE HOUSE, D.D. BUT THEY WON'T OPEN THE DOOR! AN' THE FATHER WILL SHOOT ANY GUY WHO TRIES TO BREAK IN!

YOU KIDS BANG AT THE DOOR TO HOLD THEIR ATTENTION! I'LL JIMMEY A REAR WINDOW AND SNEAK IN BEHIND THEM!



DON'T BE AFRAID! I'VE COME TO HELP YOU! WHERE'S YOUR HUSBAND?

DAREDEVIL!!
MY NEW FRIENDS SENT YOU, DIDN'T THEY?

YOU'RE TOO LATE! THEY'VE TAKEN MY HUSBAND!



WHO TOOK HIM? DID YOU SEE WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE? WHY WERE THEY AFTER YOUR HUSBAND? HOW MANY WERE THERE?

TWO OF 'EM! A TALL, HEAVY GUY, AN' A SHORT, SCRAWNY ONE—THE SHORT GUY WAS THE MEANEST!

MOM, TELL HIM WHY THEY WERE AFTER DADDY!

BECAUSE A MAN TOLD HIM WHERE TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS IN JEWELS WAS HIDDEN ON THE S.S. GLADSTONIA. MY HUSBAND PROMISED TO GIVE THIS INFORMATION TO THE GOVERNMENT! BUT HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE. HE WAS FOLLOWED FROM THE BOAT TO HERE, AND HE KNEW ONCE HE STEPPED OUT OF THIS HOUSE, THEY WOULD ABDUCT HIM!



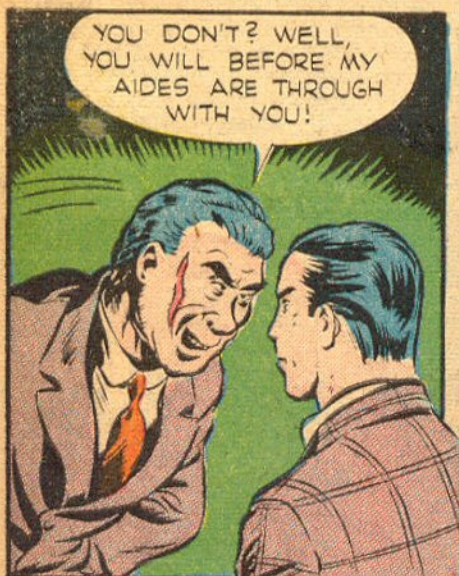
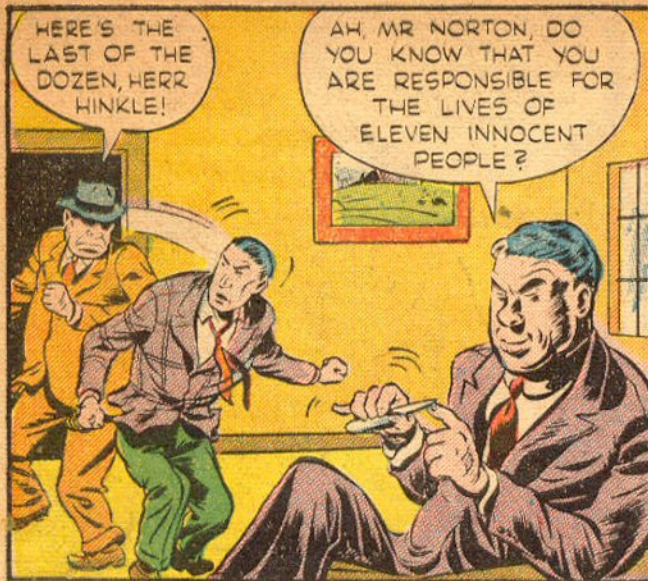
SO THAT'S IT! MRS. NORTON, THESE MEN HAVE ALREADY KILLED ELEVEN PEOPLE TO FIND THOSE JEWELS! DID HE TELL YOU WHERE THEY WERE TO BE FOUND!

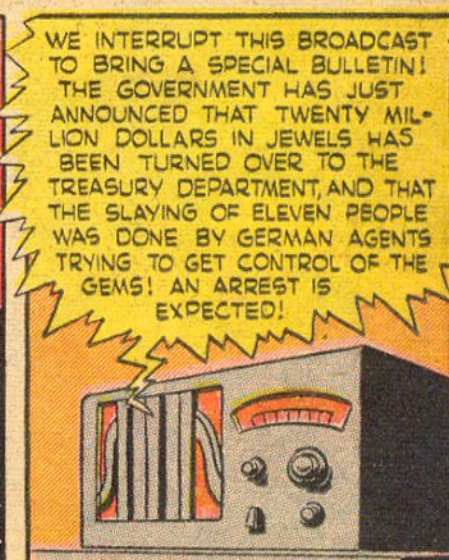
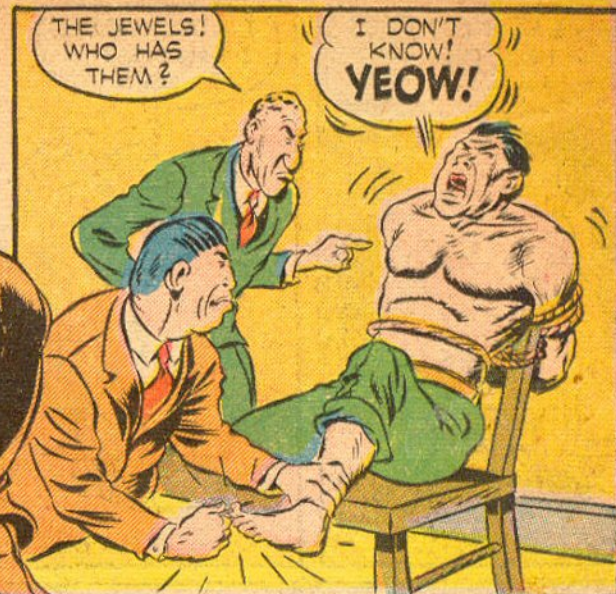
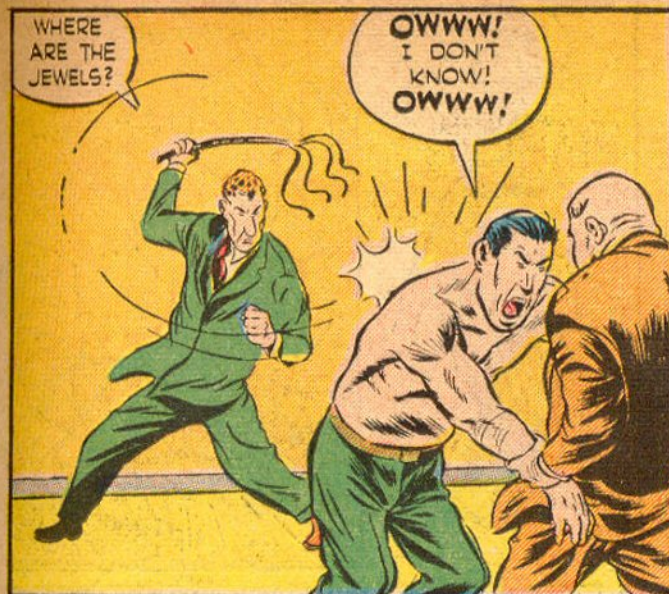
NO! HE WAS AFRAID IF THEY GOT TO ME, THEY COULD MAKE ME TELL!

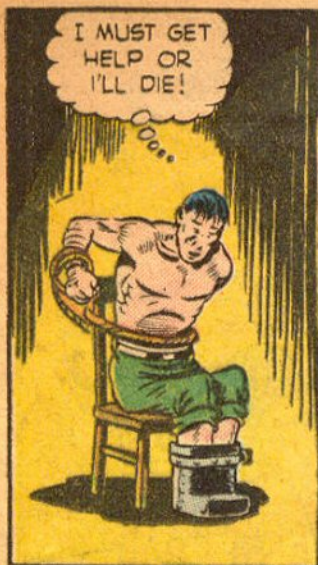


OH, DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CHANCE FOR MY HUSBAND?

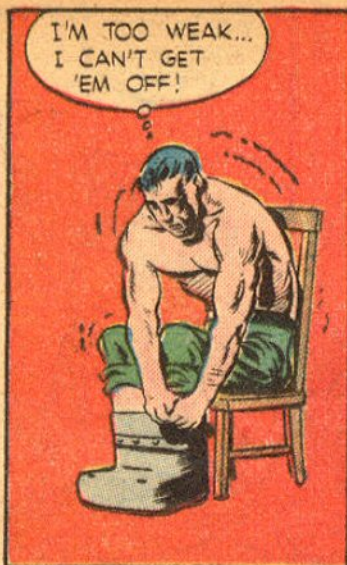
ONE IN A MILLION, BUT WE'LL TRY IT! I'VE GOT TO GET TO A BROADCASTING STATION AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



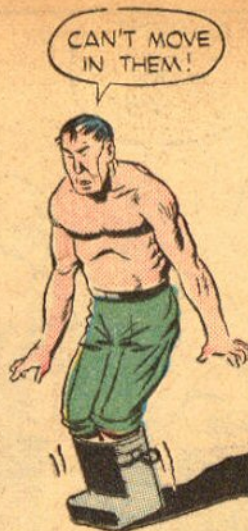




I MUST GET
HELP OR
I'LL DIE!



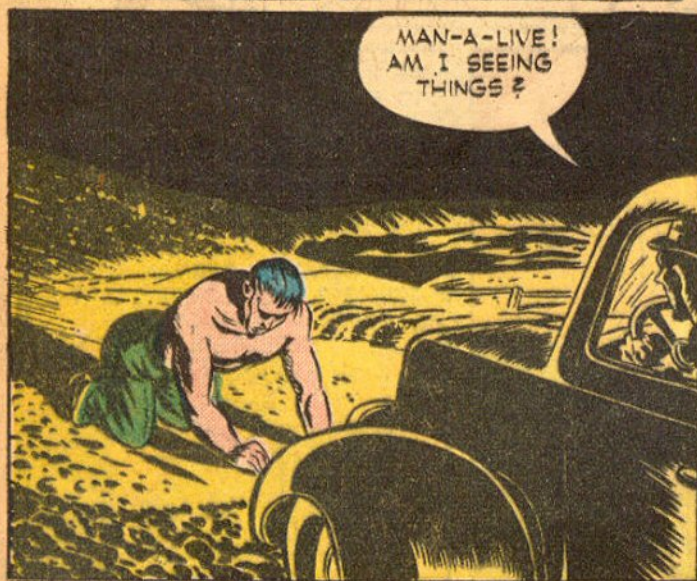
I'M TOO WEAK...
I CAN'T GET
'EM OFF!



CAN'T MOVE
IN THEM!



OW!

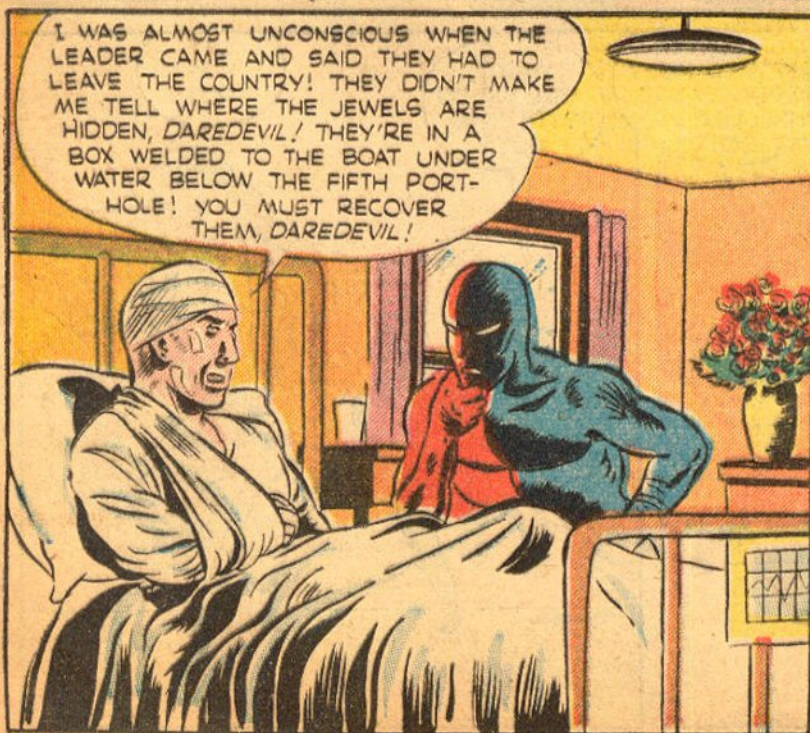


MAN-A-LIVE!
AM I SEEING
THINGS?

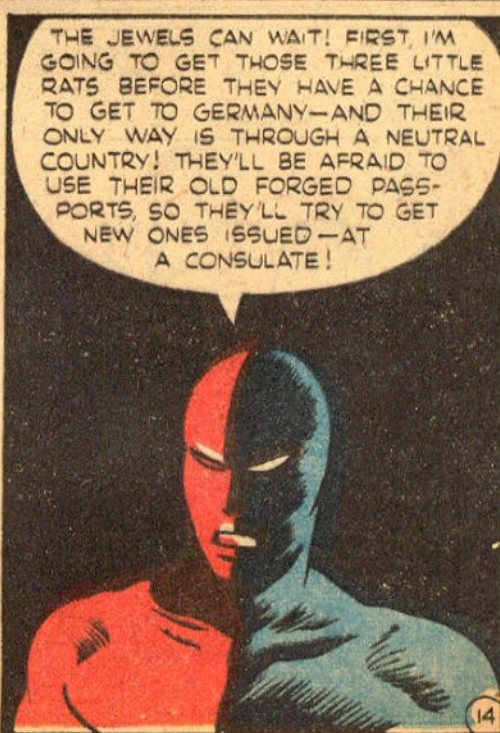


DAREDEVIL, WE FOUND NORTON!
HE'S STILL ALIVE, BUT IN PRETTY
BAD SHAPE! HE'S AT THE
CITY HOSPITAL!

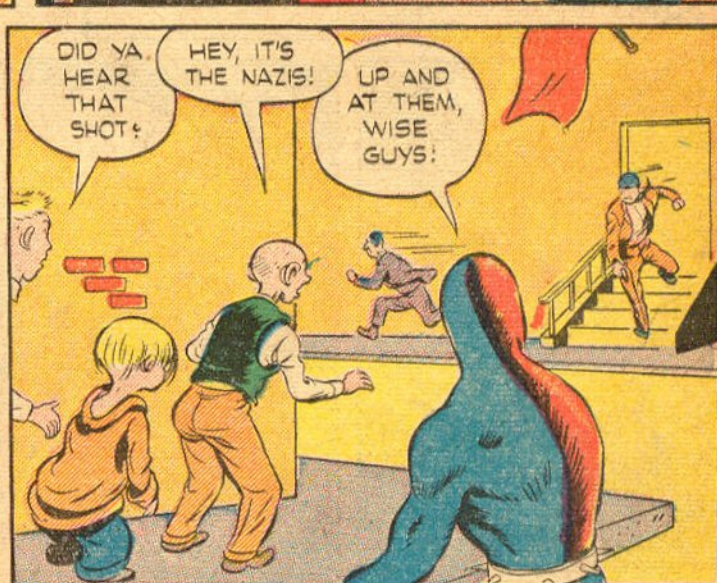
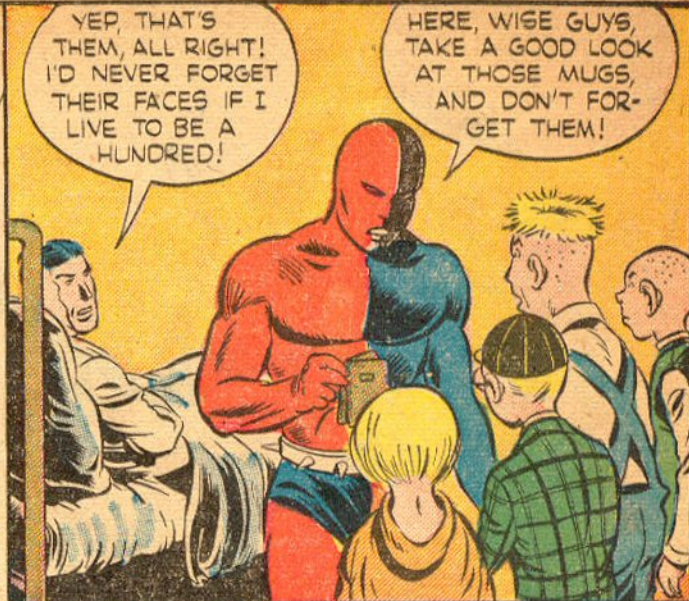
SO MY BLUFF ON
THE RADIO WORKED!
THANKS, CHIEF, I'LL
HOP RIGHT OVER!

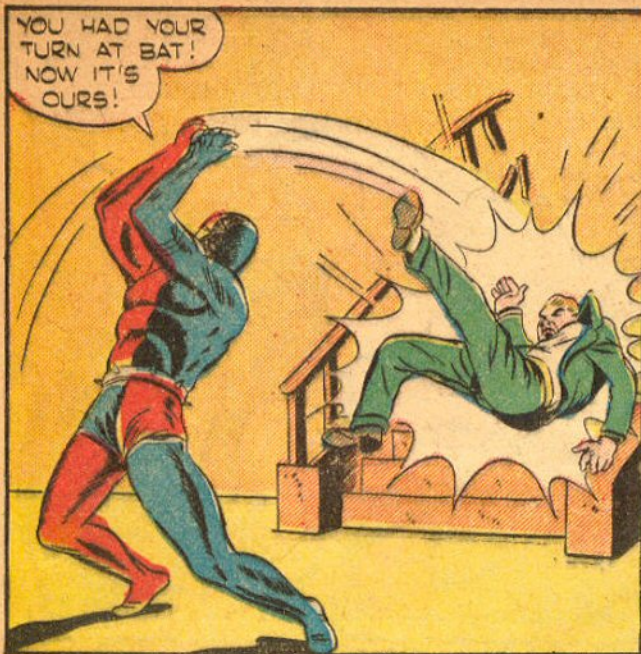


I WAS ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS WHEN THE
LEADER CAME AND SAID THEY HAD TO
LEAVE THE COUNTRY! THEY DIDN'T MAKE
ME TELL WHERE THE JEWELS ARE
HIDDEN, DAREDEVIL! THEY'RE IN A
BOX WELDED TO THE BOAT UNDER
WATER BELOW THE FIFTH PORT-
HOLE! YOU MUST RECOVER
THEM, DAREDEVIL!

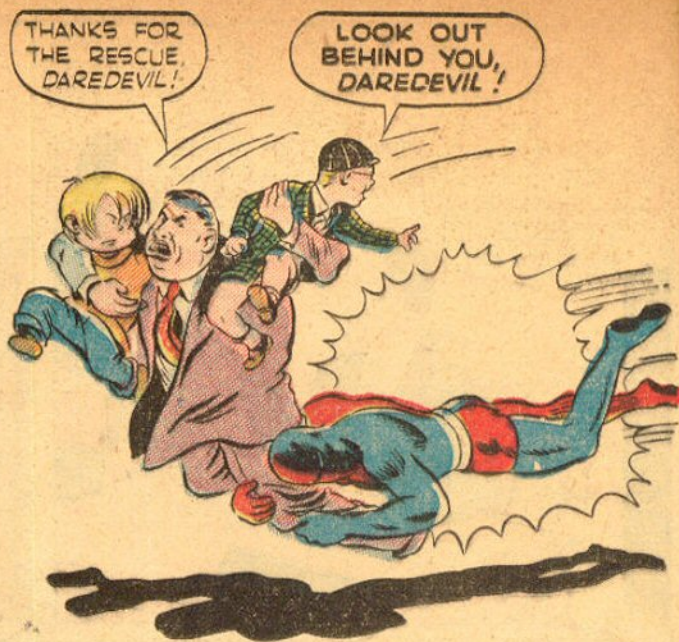


THE JEWELS CAN WAIT! FIRST, I'M
GOING TO GET THOSE THREE LITTLE
RATS BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE
TO GET TO GERMANY—AND THEIR
ONLY WAY IS THROUGH A NEUTRAL
COUNTRY! THEY'LL BE AFRAID TO
USE THEIR OLD FORGED PASS-
PORTS, SO THEY'LL TRY TO GET
NEW ONES ISSUED—AT
A CONSULATE!





YOU HAD YOUR
TURN AT BAT!
NOW IT'S
OURS!



THANKS FOR
THE RESCUE,
DAREDEVIL!

LOOK OUT
BEHIND YOU,
DAREDEVIL!



READY...
AIM...
FIRE!!



W H I L E
A T T H E
S A M E
T I M E...

FOR HAVING, AT
THE RISK OF YOUR
LIFE, GUARDED AN IMMENSE
SUM OF MONEY THAT MADE
POSSIBLE A STRONGER DE-
FENSE AGAINST THE ENEMY,
AND ALSO HELPED BRING ABOUT
THE CAPTURE OF DANGEROUS
ENEMY AGENTS, YOU ARE HERE-
BY AWARDED THE CONGRES-
SIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR!

DAREDEVIL IS
THE ONE WHO
REALLY DESERVES
THOSE MEDALS.
HE'S THE ONE
WHO CAPTURED
THEM!

RAY HURRAY

THE CLAW

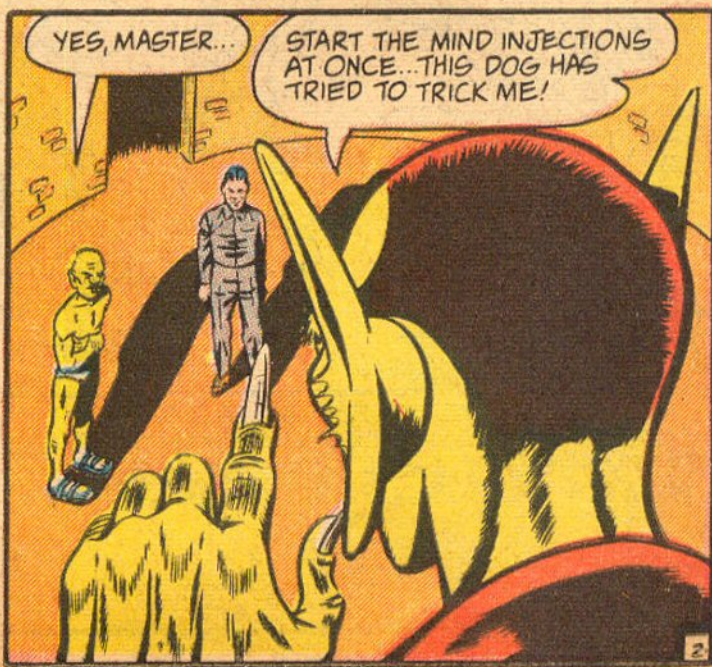
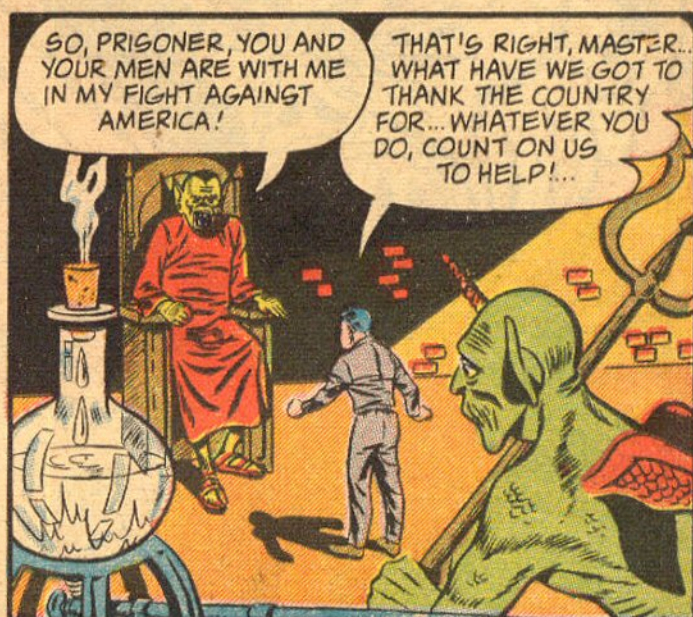
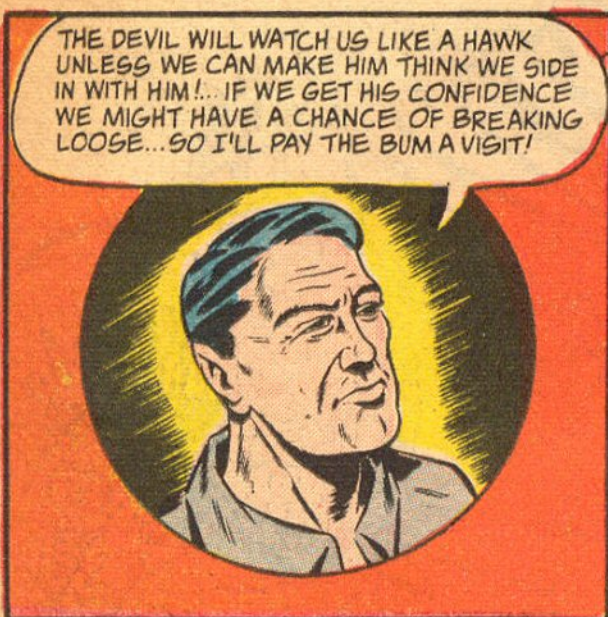
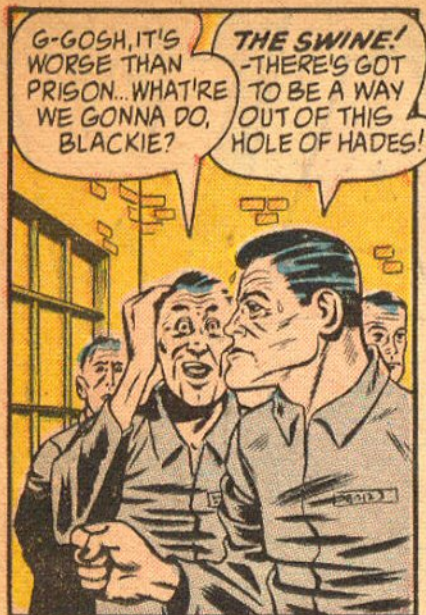


BOB Q.
SIEGE

THE CLAW... MASTER OF EVIL... BLACK BLOODED CREATURE OF HORROR MOVES ON TO GREATER CRIMES!! LAST MONTH HE RELEASED SCORES OF PRISONERS FROM BLACKMORE PRISON ONLY TO CHAIN THEM LIKE ANIMALS IN HIS UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT!!!

FOOLS!... TO THINK I WOULD TURN THEM FREE... THEY'LL SOON LEARN WHAT A SOFT LIFE THEY LIVED IN PRISON!!!





THE CLAWITES ADMINISTER THE SERUM TO
THE PRISONERS!!

THAT EXIT!...
-WE'RE SUNK
UNLESS WE
MAKE A BREAK!



OKAY, GUYS, UP AND
AT 'EM!...MAKE
FOR THE EXIT!!



BUT AS THE PRISONERS BREAK LOOSE, ELECTRIC WAVES SUDDENLY LEAP ACROSS THE EXIT!

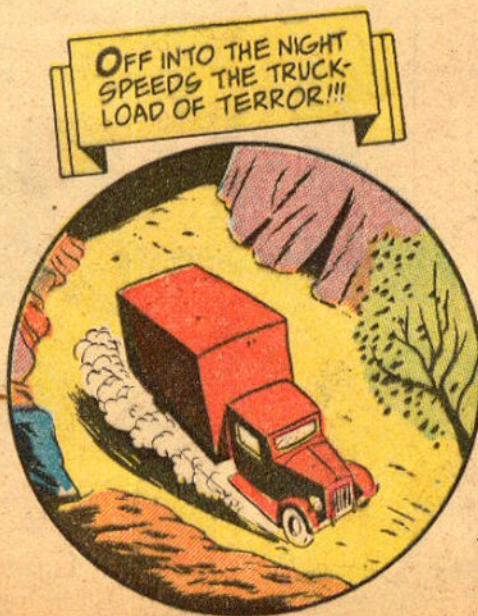
SUFFERING HEAVENS!
-ELECTRIC WAVES
THEY'RE DEAD!

BACK, YOU WORTHLESS
PIGS! THERE IS NO
ESCAPE FROM THE
CLAW!





As THE DRUG TAKES EFFECT, THE MENS' EYELIDS DROP!... THEIR MINDS BECOME NUMB AND..





WATER...THERE'S WATER IN THE SYRINGE!.. FOOLS, IMBECILES, WHO WAS INJECTED WITH THIS?



THERE WAS JUST ONE, MASTER! -THE LEADER OF THE MEN!

YOU PIG! THERE IS JUST ONE PENALTY FOR SUCH STUPIDITY!



DEATH!!!

AGH!

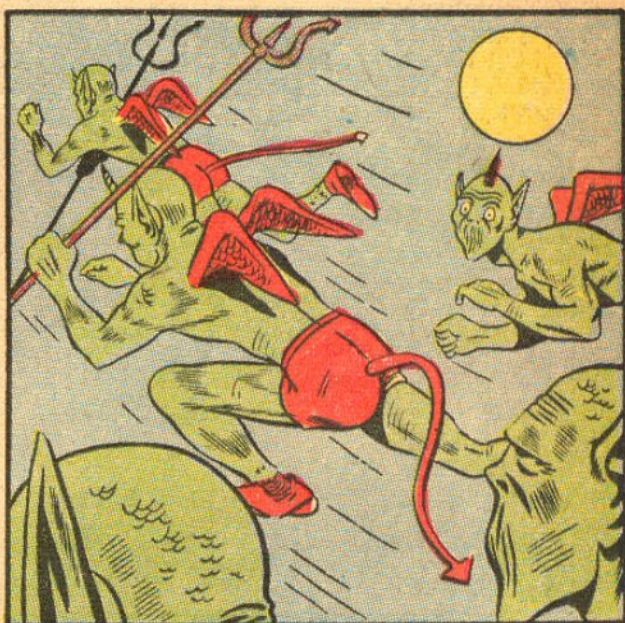
A HUGE GONG RINGS THROUGH-OUT THE CLAW'S CHAMBER... -THE ALARM!!!

BONG!



AFTER THAT TRUCK, YOU WINGED HORRORS!.. DEATH TO YOU ALL IF BLACKIE, THE LEADER IS NOT RETURNED!

HEIL CLAW!YES, MASTER!

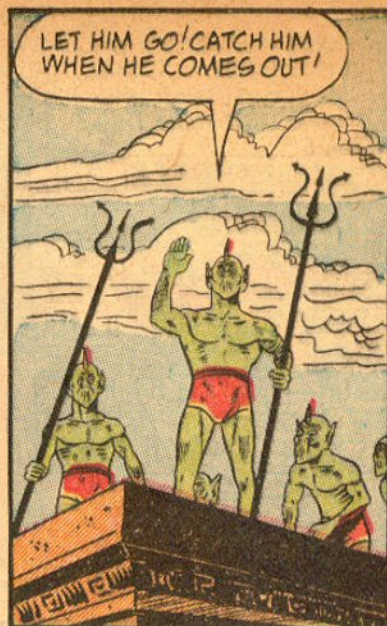
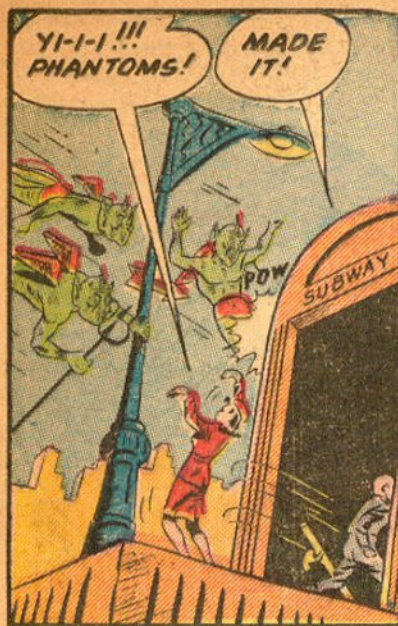


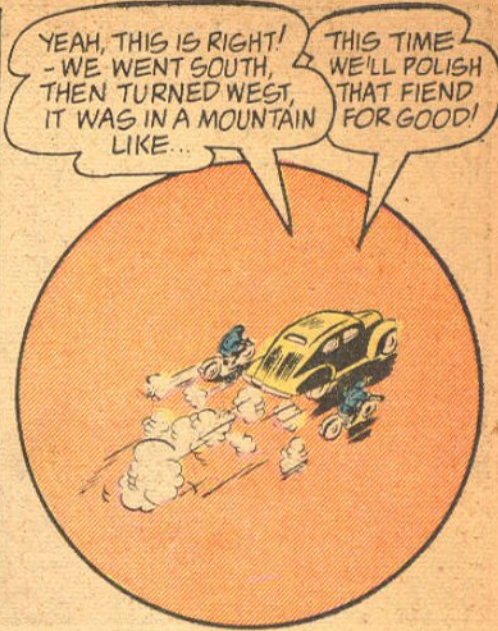
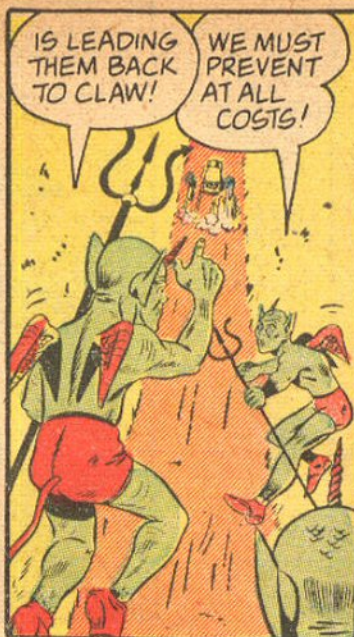
THOSE FIENDS! I'VE GOT TO GET TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS FAST! -THEY'RE OUT TO BLOW UP EVERY BRIDGE IN THE CITY!



HOLY HANNAH! CLAWITES!!!

EEEEEEEE OIEE







IT'S THEM!...THOSE FOUL CLAWITES!

THERE'S ONE THAT WON'T DO ANYMORE FLYING!

SECONDS LATER WILD CONFUSION BREAKS OUT AS THE FIERCE CLAWITES COME IN AGAINST ALL ODDS IN THEIR SAVAGE ATTACK!!



THE MONSTERS...IT TAKES A HUNDRED SHOTS TO KILL 'EM!

LET ME GET ONE...JUST ONE!

BANG! BANG!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

BANG BANG



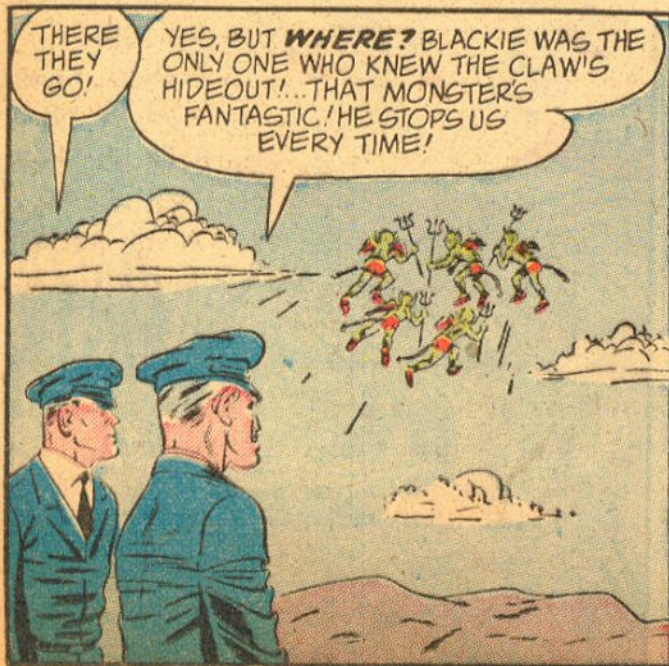
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE USING A COP'S GUN... AND IN A FIGHT ON THEIR SIDE!



YEOW! -AGH!!



DEAD! SLASHED RIGHT ACROSS THE THROAT!



THERE THEY GO!

YES, BUT **WHERE?** BLACKIE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW THE CLAW'S HIDEOUT!...THAT MONSTER'S FANTASTIC! HE STOPS US EVERY TIME!



BUT WE'LL GET THE FIEND ONE DAY... -I SWEAR IT!...HIS DIRTY DAYS ARE NUMBERED!

THE SWINE-EACH MONTH THEY COME CLOSER AND CLOSER! MY POWER IS SLIPPING AWAY! ZOUNDS!

DICKIE DEAN

THE BOY INVENTOR

OH MY GOSH...
OH MY GOSH... HE'S
DONE IT AGAIN...

J.-J. JINKERS..

WELL, THERE
SHE IS, ZIP... THE
BUMBLE BULLET.

HUH... WHY
IT LOOKS LIKE
A TOY... I COULD
HARDLY GET INTO IT

YOU WON'T HAVE
TO WORRY ABOUT
THAT ZIP... IT'S BUILT TO
CARRY ONLY 150 POUNDS...
ER... LARGE PEOPLE LIKE YOU
WON'T BE ABLE TO FLY IT...

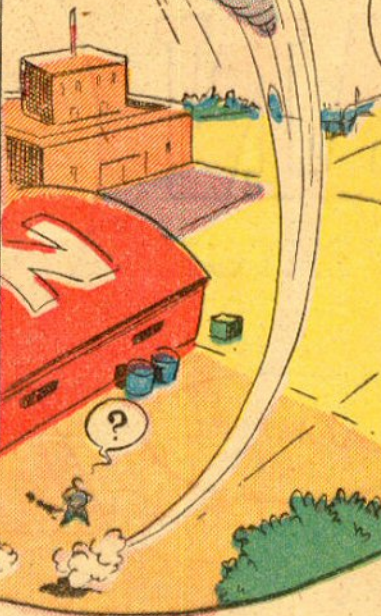
WHAT DO YA
MEAN LARGE... I'M
ONLY A LITTLE PLUMP
LIKE

BUMBLE
BULLET



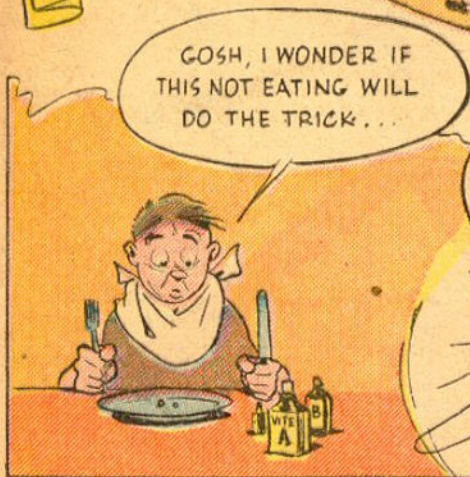
THIS BUGGY CAN HIT FOUR HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR... IN WARTIME THE ARMY CAN USE IT FOR PATROL AND IN PEACE BUSINESS MEN CAN COMMUTE FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES... WATCH...

YEAH...



SINKERS... I WOULD BE TOO HEAVY TO FLY IT... MAYBE I CAN REDUCE OR SOMETHING...

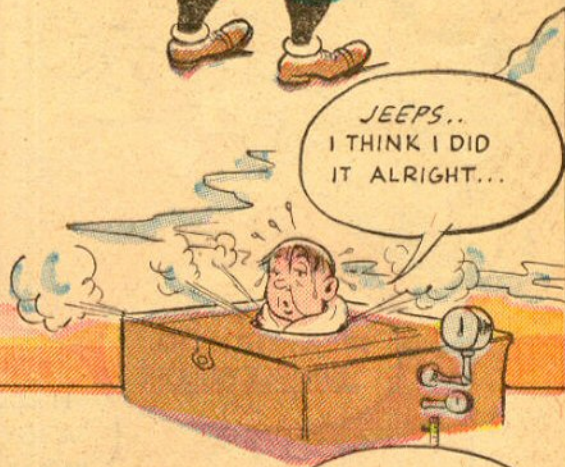
AND SO THE DAYS WENT BY...



GOSH, I WONDER IF THIS NOT EATING WILL DO THE TRICK...



WOW. I FEEL LIGHTER ALREADY...



JEES... I THINK I DID IT ALRIGHT...



HM-M-M-- TWO HUNDRED POUNDS... THAT WOULD MAKE IT TWO HUNDRED AND TEN, REALLY.. I'VE GOT TO GET THESE SCALES FIXED TOMORROW..

SUDDENLY THE PHONE RINGS, AND..

DICKIE, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US.. CONGRESSMAN KEEN IS STUCK IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS WITH A THROAT INFECTION... WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME SULFA TO HIM AT ONCE... IT MEANS HIS LIFE...

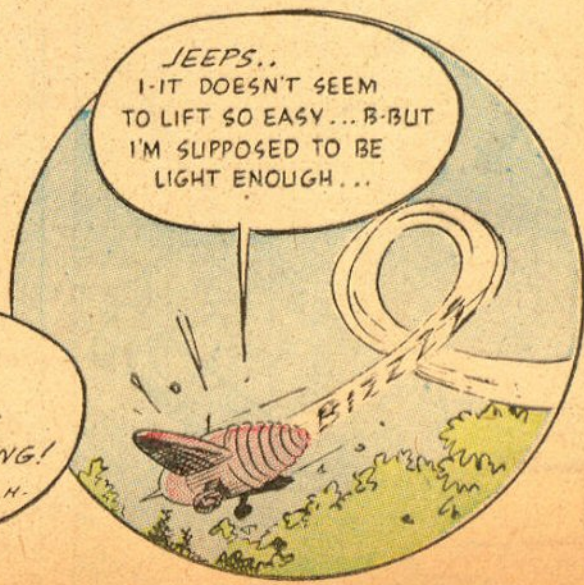
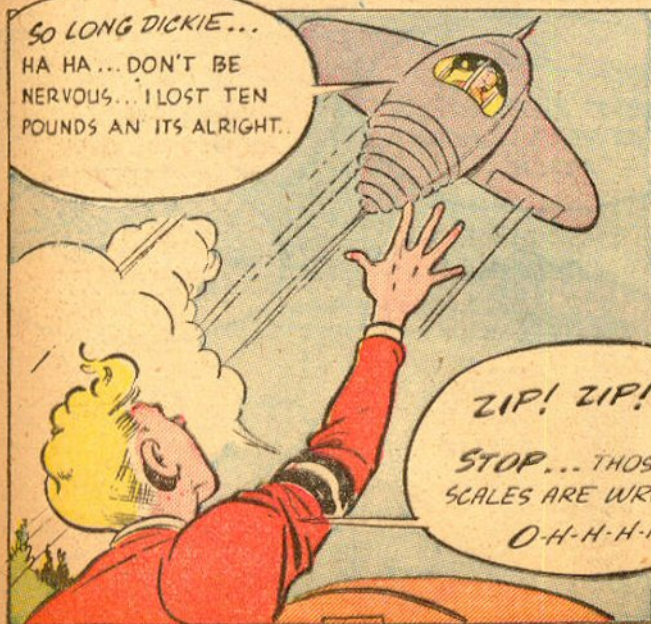
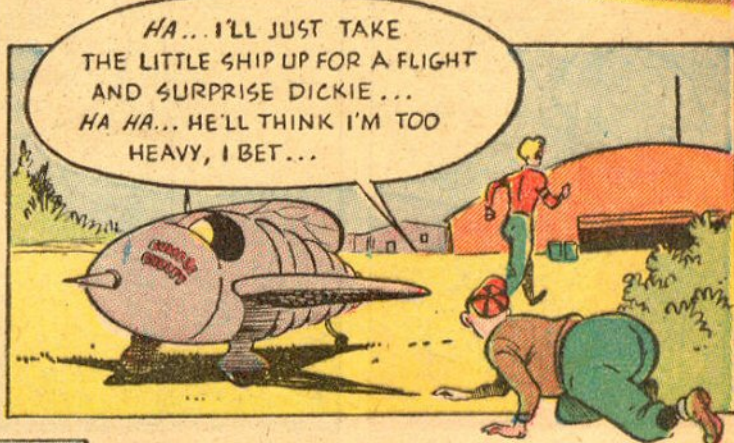
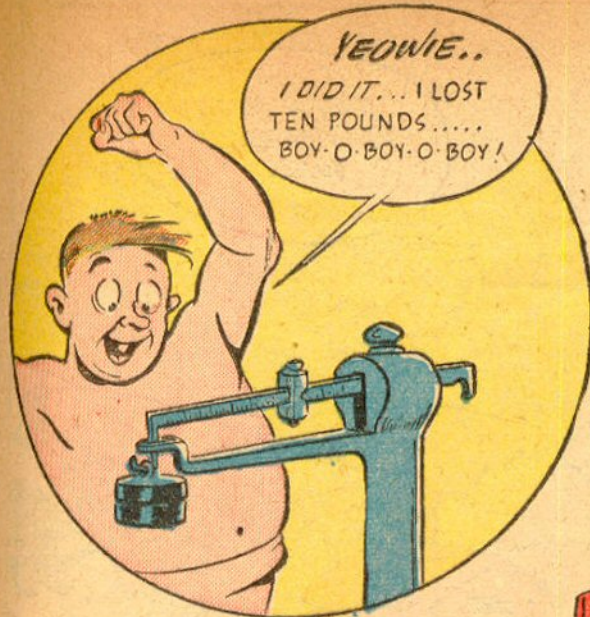


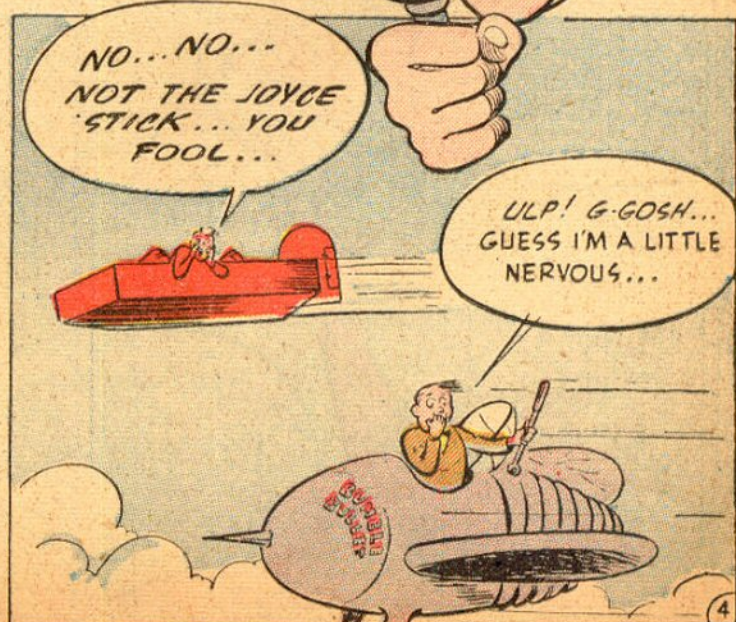
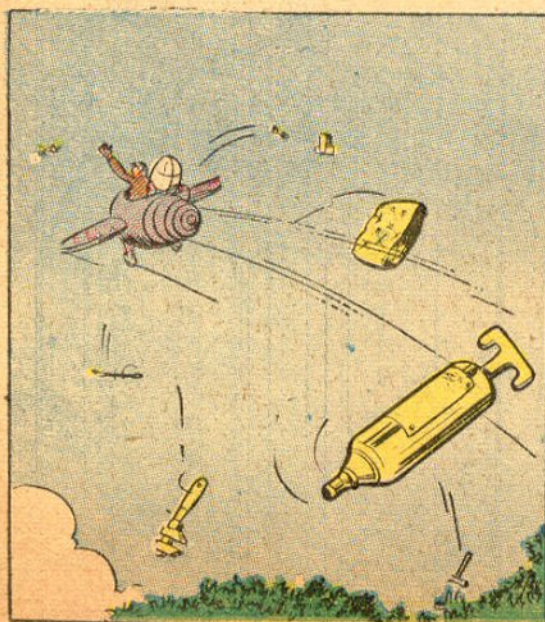
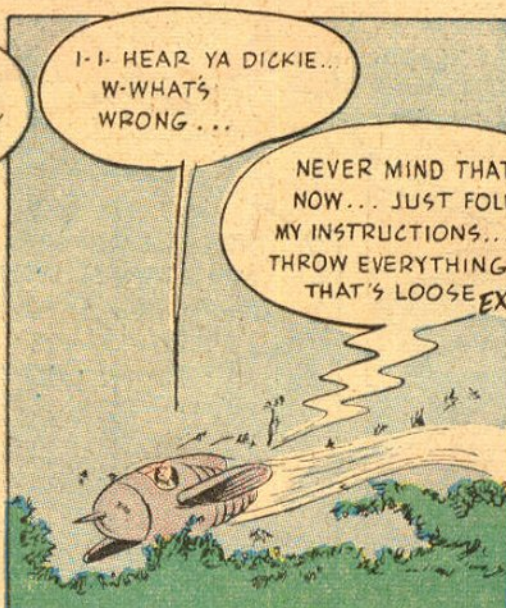
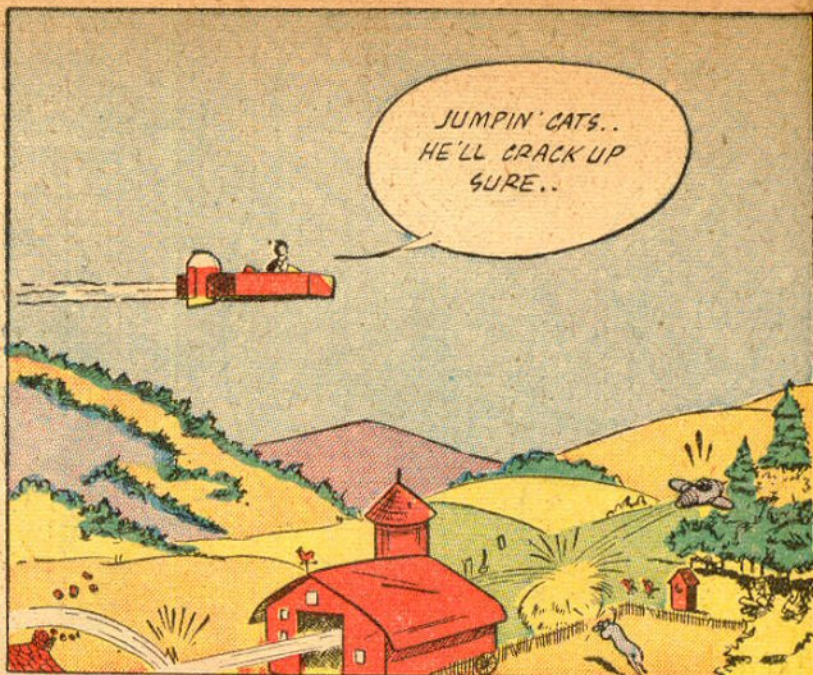
GOSH... I'VE GOT JUST THE PLANE TO TAKE IT IN...

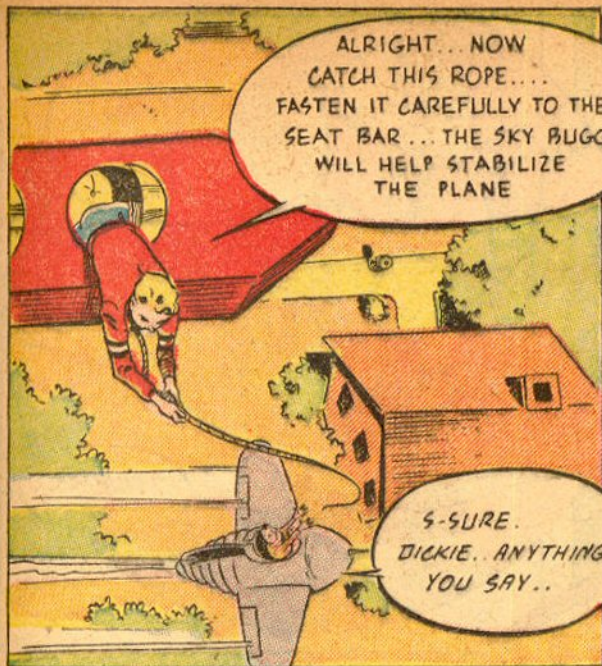


SEND THE SULFA DRUG OVER WITH THE LOCATION.. I'LL GET READY RIGHT AWAY..

FINE







ALRIGHT... NOW
CATCH THIS ROPE...
FASTEN IT CAREFULLY TO THE
SEAT BAR... THE SKY BUGGY
WILL HELP STABILIZE
THE PLANE

S-SURE.
DICKIE.. ANYTHING
YOU SAY..



NOW THEN... OPEN THE
THROTTLE WAY UP... BEAR
DUE SOUTH, ZIP... WE'RE
GOING TO THE KENTUCKY
MOUNTAINS... AND DON'T
ASK ANY QUESTIONS..

WUP...
THE KENTUCKY
MOUNTAINS..



B-BUT I WANNA GO
HOME... SOB... I-I'VE
HAD ENOUGH.....

THIS IS A GOOD
LESSON TO YOU, ZIP...
AT LEAST IT WILL BE
IF YOU GET OUT
ALIVE...

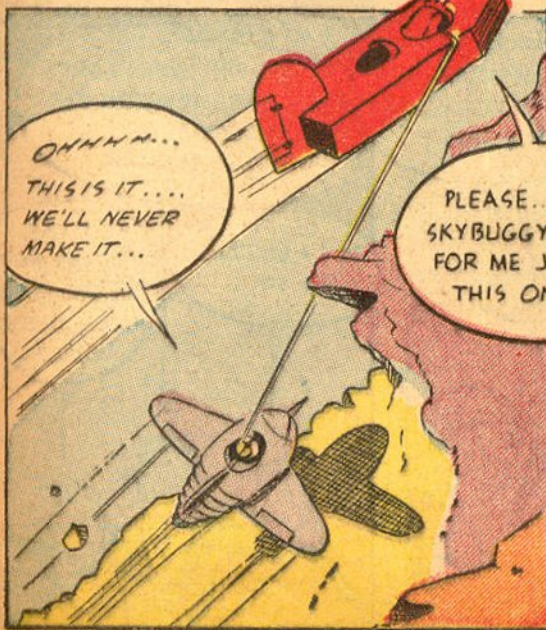
SUDDENLY..

MOUNTAINS!

ZIP... SLOW DOWN
SPEED TO TWO HUNDRED
...I'LL TRY TO PULL YOU
OVER...



ZOOM

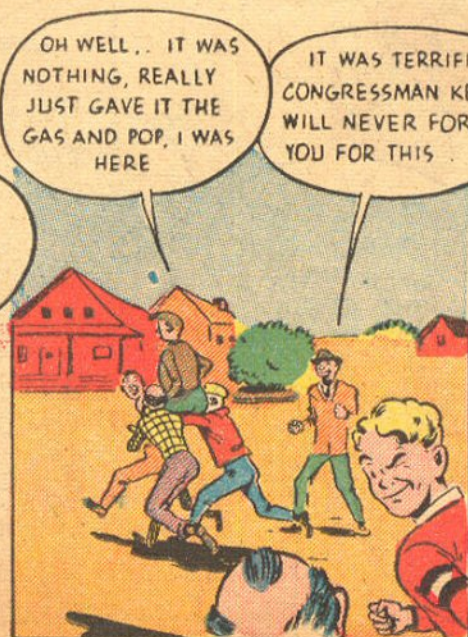
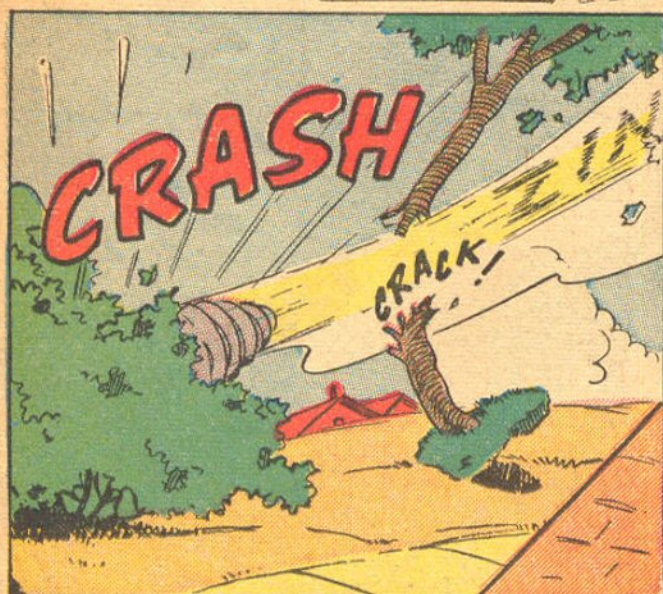
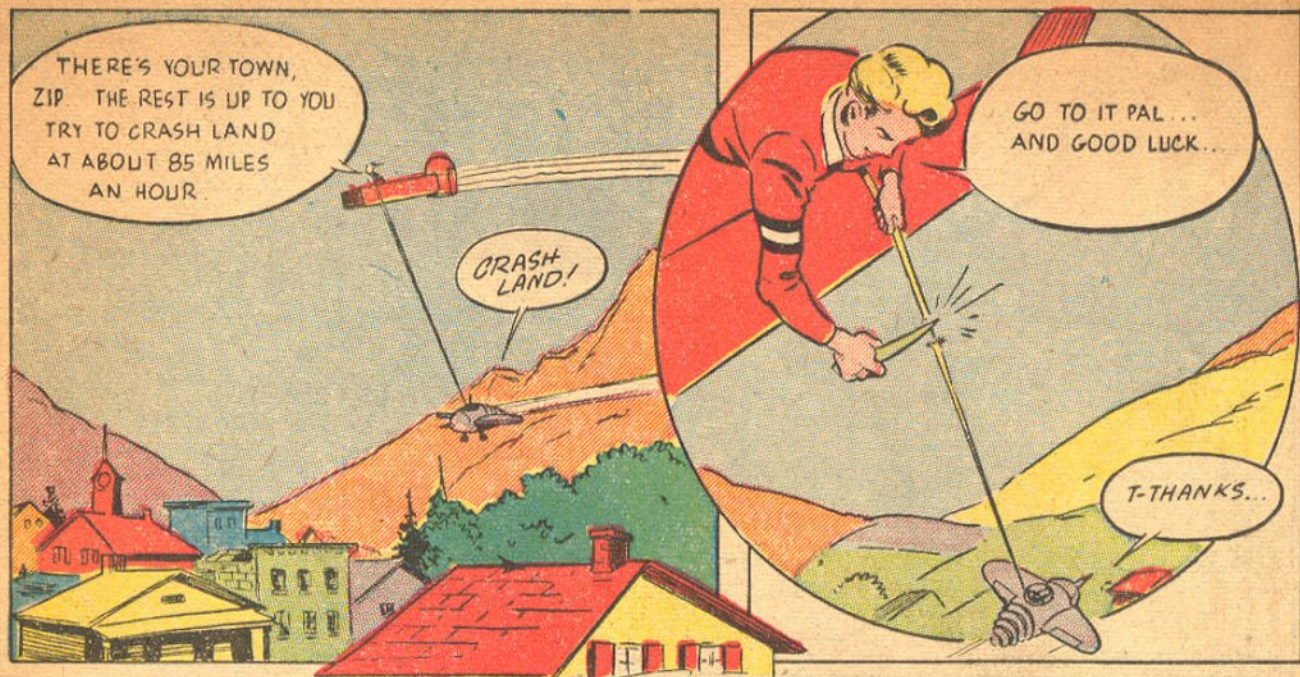


ONNNNN...
THIS IS IT....
WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT...

PLEASE... PLEASE
SKYBUGGY... DO IT
FOR ME JUST
THIS ONCE...

WHEW...
MADE IT...

J.JINKERS



DEATH IN DISGUISE

By DICK WOOD

OFFICER MARTIN pushed his two-hundred-and-twenty-pounds to the limit as he rushed down the crowded street. In his hand was a steel blue service revolver that swung in a wide arc as he ran. At a subway entrance he halted, red-faced.

"Did a short, dark man carrying a bag just run in here?", he shouted at a newsboy.

"Yeah, yeah, just about two minutes ago." The newsboy swung his arm toward the subway entrance excitedly.

Inside Martin slowed down to a walk and gripped the revolver tightly. The Canvass Kid was a killer and he was taking no chances. Not that he was frightened. Officer Martin had tangled with too many tough punks in the past to let one throw a scare into him now. As he moved toward the subway tracks an old white haired woman stepped from a wash-room and crashed into his side. Wide gray eyes looked up at him apologetically.

"Oh pardon me, sir, I'm so sorry."

Martin nodded vaguely and moved on. He was still searching the subway an hour later but there was no Canvass Kid about. The Canvass Kid was a mile uptown relieving himself of an old woman's dress and laughing softly.

It was past midnight as *Crimebuster* sat at his desk pouring over the police records. The case of the Canvass Kid was a puzzling one and he could well understand why Inspector Cramer had asked his assistance on it. The police knew very little about the killer. He was small, fast as lightning and all witnesses to his crimes had mentioned a canvass vest that he wore. *Crimebuster* realized there must be a reason for such a piece of attire . . . but what? Carefully *Crimebuster* studied every detail of the police description. The very fact that the police knew so little about their man

made his capture almost impossible. Two banks, three night clubs and a jewelry store had fallen under the killer's axe—and each time a man had wantonly been murdered at the scene of the crime. The most astonishing fact was that the Canvass Kid seemed to have no fear about committing his crimes boldly under the very eyes of the law. Besides Martin, at least a dozen other officers had seen him in action or just after completion of his crimes. And each time he had casually eluded them as if they were mere children.

There was some explanation for such extraordinary ability *Crimebuster* realized. A trick, a technique, or perhaps something connected with the strange canvass belt he wore. *Crimebuster* slept with a puzzled frown on his face that night and he still wore it the next day when he visited Inspector Cramer. For two hours they hashed and rehashed every detail in the killer's career but when they were through *Crimebuster* knew no more than when he started. It was one of the few times in his career that *Crimebuster* felt stumped. Whoever the Canvass killer was he had taken expert precautions to cover up his past.

It was late afternoon and *Crimebuster* had wandered down to the lower part of New York. As was his habit sometimes, he had walked along for several hours just thinking and not caring where he went. At the corner of a little side street he started into a restaurant for a cup of coffee and stopped. Up ahead a sign caught his attention and his eyes suddenly flashed brightly. "Canvass goods" it read and a moment later *Crimebuster* was inside the store talking with the clerk. There was a chance, a slight one to be sure, that the Canvass Kid might be getting his odd vest from this store. For twenty minutes *Crimebuster* questioned the man at the counter. No,

every customer was well known to him but no person of such a description had done business with him. A tinge of discouragement struck *Crimebuster* as he headed for the door. It was the only clue he had had and now that was gone. At the door he paused and turned back toward the flustered clerk.

"Is there another store near by that specializes in canvass goods?" he asked.

The clerk hesitated. "Why yes, as a matter of fact the only real competitor we have is right down the street."

Ten minutes later *Crimebuster's* heart did a flip-flop as he talked to the portly store owner. A man of the killer's description came in every month on this very same day and ordered a particular cut of the best canvass. In fact, the owner added, he was expecting him any moment now.

Later when the Canvass Kid left the store he failed to notice the slim form of *Crimebuster* following him down the street. Precise as he was in his criminal maneuvers it had never occurred to him that anyone would in anyway connect him with the Lints Canvass Goods Company. It was not until he had arrived at his uptown apartment that a special trick gadget of his gave him the clue. A mirror attached above his doorway revealed *Crimebuster* following behind him. For months the killer had made it a point to gaze in the mirror before entering, just as a precaution and now it was paying off. Inside he smiled and slipped into a maid's uniform. Blonde hair, powder and wax soon transformed him into a giggling cleaning girl. He chuckled softly as he stepped out of the apartment toward *Crimebuster* standing at the end of the corridor. Now the great *Crimebuster* had discovered his hideout. Well what of it. The Canvass Kid could pull the wool over *Crimebuster's* eyes just as well as the others. How could he suspect anything when no one even dreamed that the killer they sought was a master of rapid disguise. He could spend hours with his best friends without them

knowing it. Three yards from *Crimebuster*, the Canvass Kid suddenly stopped short. The youth was standing before him arms on hips threatening.

"Okay Kid," *Crimebuster* said softly. "Your little act is over. Take off the rig and come down to headquarters."

For a moment the Kid's face paled beneath his heavy make-up. For the first time in his life he knew fear. Then, his mind cleared and with a sudden motion he whipped out a small automatic from the dress pocket. Whatever *Crimebuster* had discovered it would do him no good. The gun barked but *Crimebuster* wasn't there to receive the bullet. His body was a blurred streak as he sidestepped around and behind the furious gunman. One slender steel arm snapped out and smashed a ball of knuckles against the Kid's jaw. The blow was solid but the Canvass Kid was no weakling. His head rolled with the blow and the thick hair wig absorbed some of the blow. He was down under *Crimebuster* now throwing short lefts and rights into the youth's midsection. The idol of American youth staggered backward against the wall off balance. The Kid was coming in for the kill now. As the revolver smashed into the plaster wall behind his head *Crimebuster* bent low. A low looping right hook zipped upward and the Canvass Kid felt a pile driver explosion on his chin. Wig, make-up and shoes came off as the little man of murder catapulted through the air to the floor.

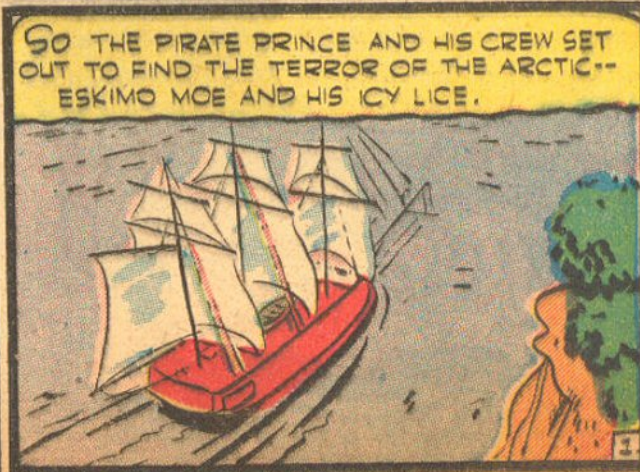
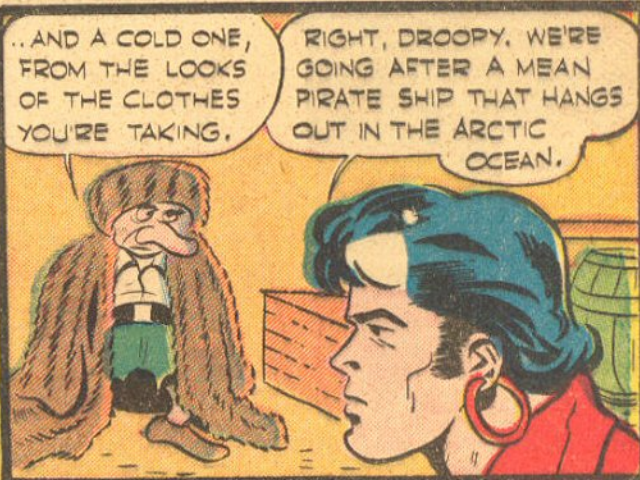
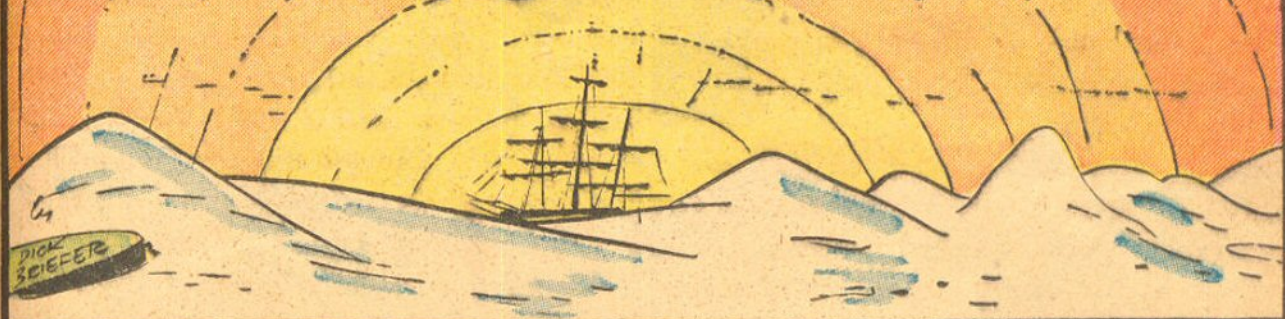
Some hours later *Crimebuster* watched the frowning Inspector Cramer before him.

"How you do it . . . how you do it!" the Inspector exclaimed.

"That canvass vest had me buffaloed for a long time," *Crimebuster* said "And I wasn't positive that he was using it to hold a quick change disguise in."

America's juvenile crimemaster smiled. "But then the Canvass Kid didn't know that . . . he might still be roaming the streets as a cleaning girl if he had."

The PIRATE PRINCE



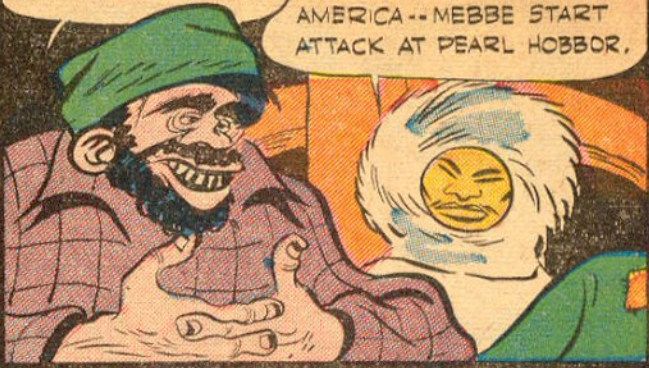
Meanwhile, LET US LOOK AT A DESPICABLE GUY..

GOOD WORK, YAKI. THE ESKIMOS THINK YOU'RE ONE OF THEM--NOT KNOWING YOU'RE A JAPANESE TRAITOR WHO STEALS THEIR FUR FOR ME!

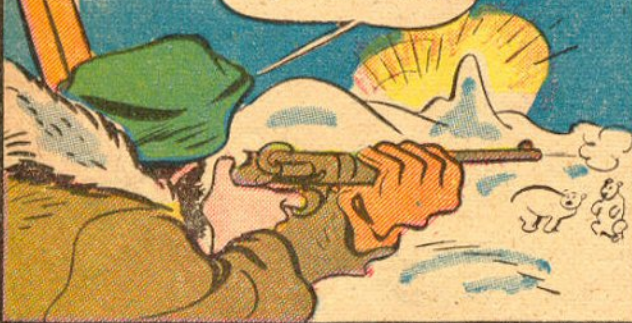


THEY EVEN THINK I'M THEIR FRIEND. THEY CALL ME ESKIMO MOE.

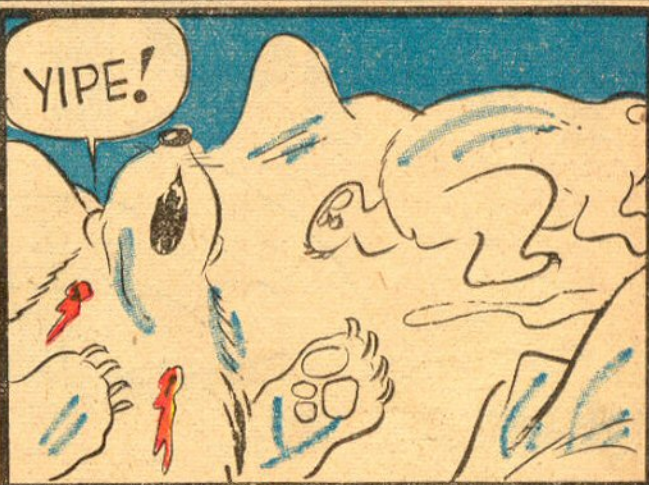
ME LAY GROUNDWORK FOR BIG SPY SYSTEM. SOMEDAY WE CHOPONESE TAKE OVER AMERICA--MEBBE START ATTACK AT PEARL HOBBOR.



NOT MUCH FUN UP THESE PARTS. MY ONLY PLEASURE IS KILLIN' OFF THEM POLAR BEARS.. SLOWLY, THOUGH--A SHOT AT A TIME. I LIKE TO WATCH THEM SUFFER --JUST LIKE WHEN I KILL PEOPLE!



YIPE!



BANG

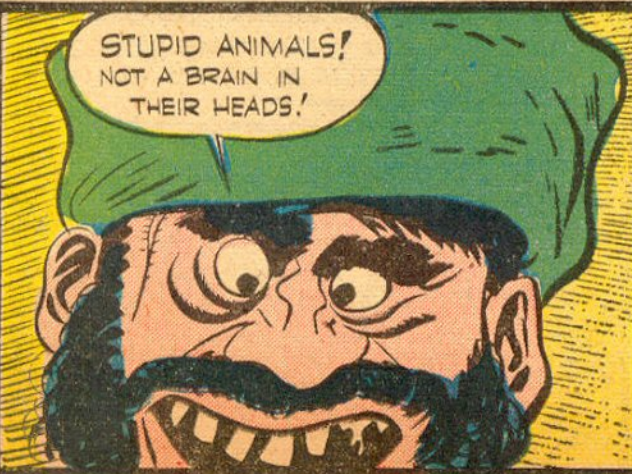
OH--



MY WHOLE FAMILY HAS BEEN KILLED OFF BY THAT MURDERING MADMAN!! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!

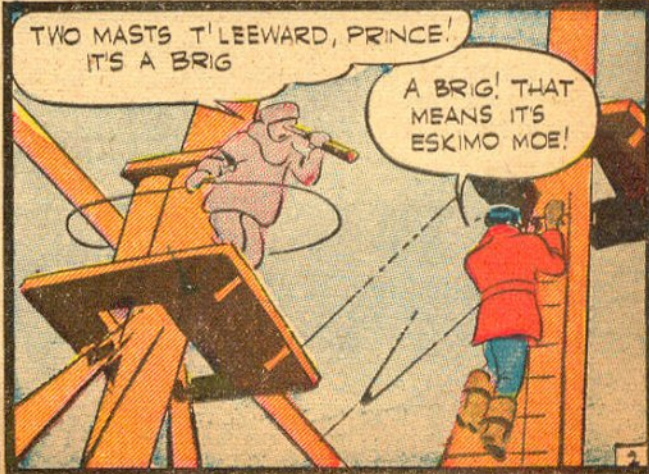


STUPID ANIMALS! NOT A BRAIN IN THEIR HEADS!



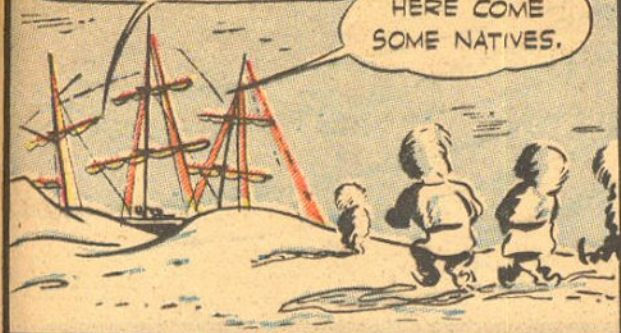
TWO MASTS T'LEEWARD, PRINCE! IT'S A BRIG

A BRIG! THAT MEANS IT'S ESKIMO MOE!



WE'LL HAVE TO STOP HERE WE CAN'T GET TO
ESKIMO MOE'S SHIP BECAUSE OF THE
FROZEN SEA AND ICEBERGS.

HERE COME
SOME NATIVES.



PIRATE PRINCE!! WE NO
SEE YOU FOR LONG TIME
NO SEE WE DON'T.

WELCOME.

HELLO, OOLOO! HOW
ARE THINGS?



THINGS BAD NO GOOD. WE
SPEND MUCH WORK GETTING
FURS. THEY DISAPPEAR.
THINK MAYBE SOME
CROOK STEAL-UM.

I'M NOT ACCUSING
ANYBODY, BUT IF
ESKIMO MOE IS IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD, LOTS
OF THINGS SHOULD BE
MISSING.



ESKIMO MOE, -- GOT
PLENTY NEWS! PIRATE
PLINCE HERE. HE TELL
ESKIMOS YOU ARE BIG
HONORABLE CROOK!

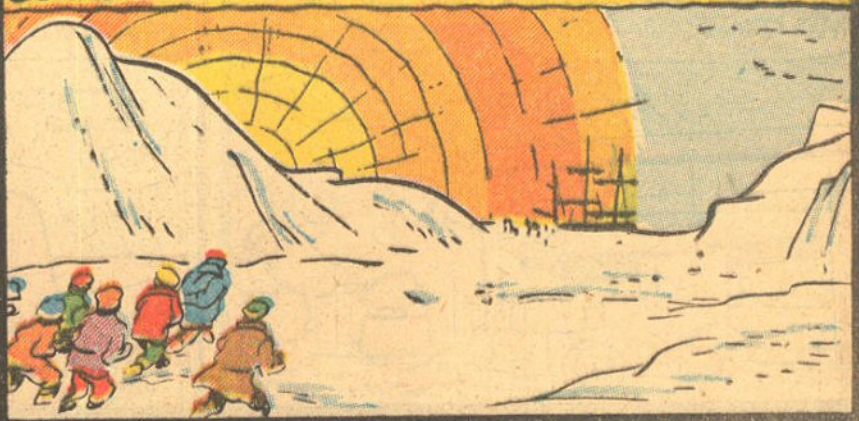
I DON'T CARE IF THE
ESKIMOS KNOW NOW.
I HAVE ALL THE FURS
I WANT. BUT I FEEL
LIKE KILLING THAT
PIRATE PRINCE.



GO TELL HIM WE'LL MEET
HIM HALFWAY FOR A FRIENDLY
CONFERENCE.



Eskimo MOE AND HIS ICY LICE GO TO MEET PRINCE AND HIS CREW.

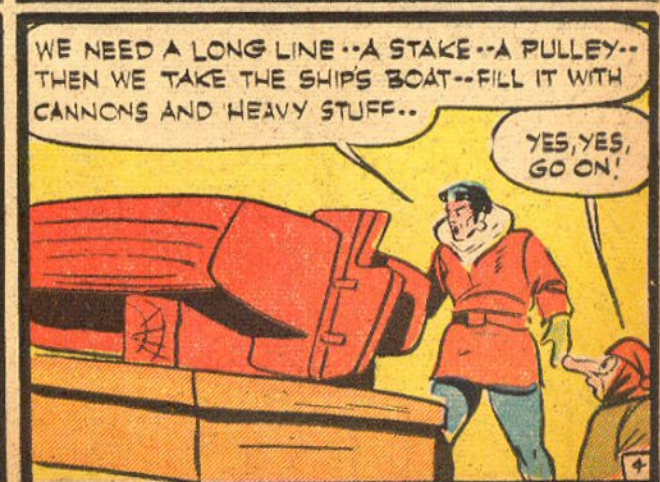
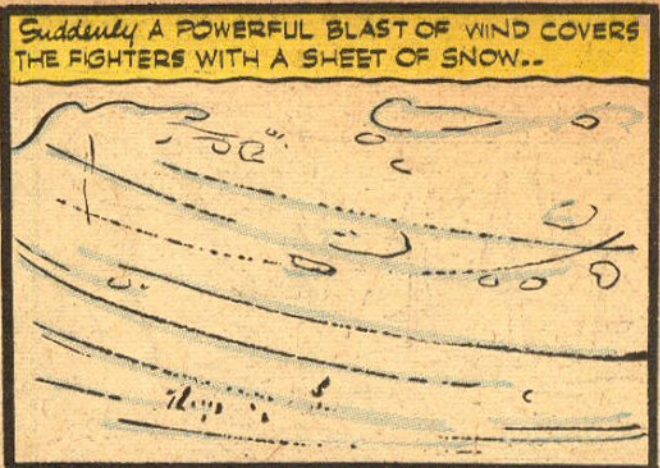


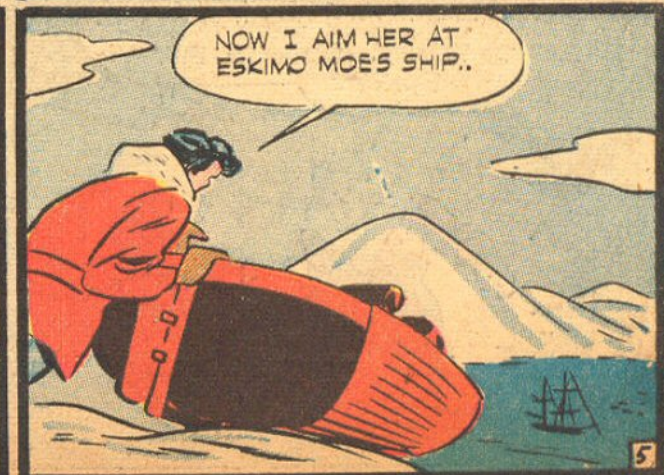
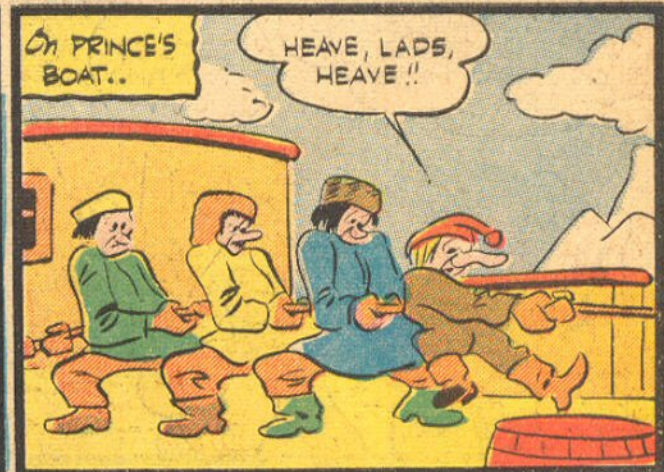
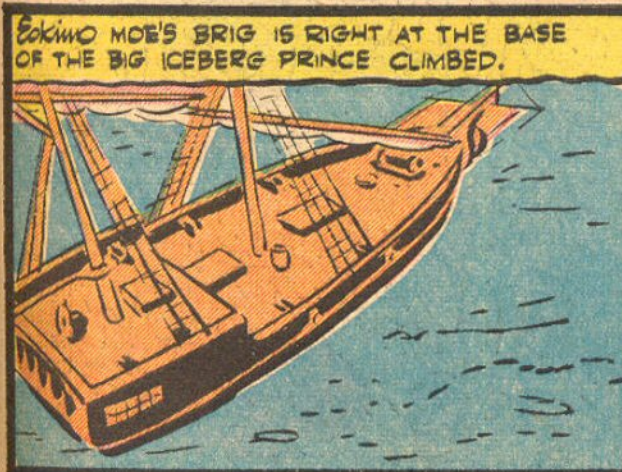
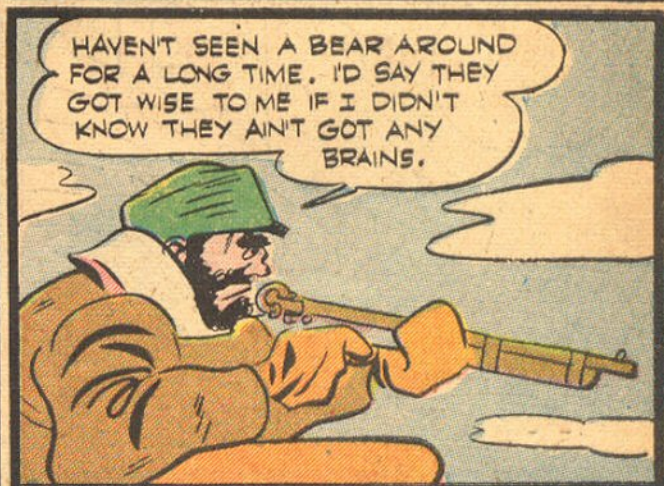
HOWDY, PRINCE! THIS IS
A PEACE MEETIN'. NO
ROUGH STUFF...



..WELL, NOT TOO MUCH ROUGH
STUFF.. JUST ENOUGH T'KILL YOU!!

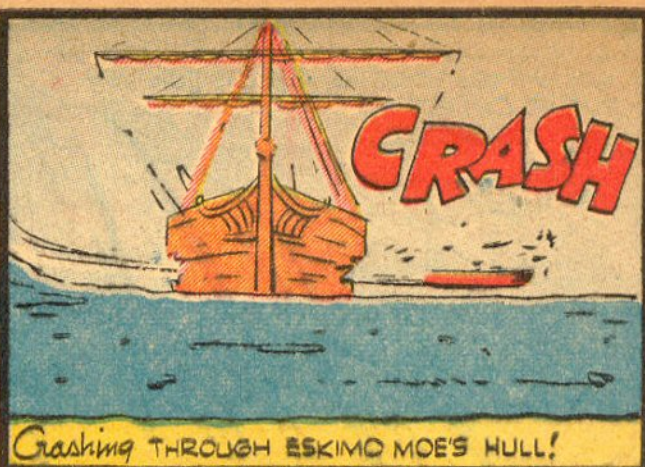




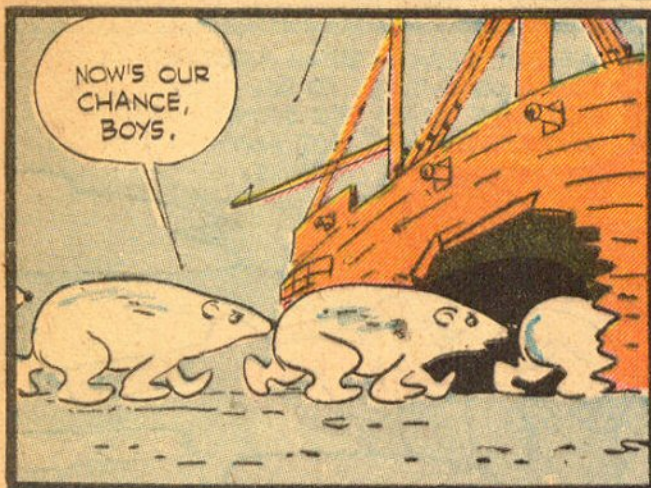




DOWN AND DOWN THE
BOAT PLUNGES--RAPIDLY
GAINING MOMENTUM...



Crashing THROUGH ESKIMO MOE'S HULL!



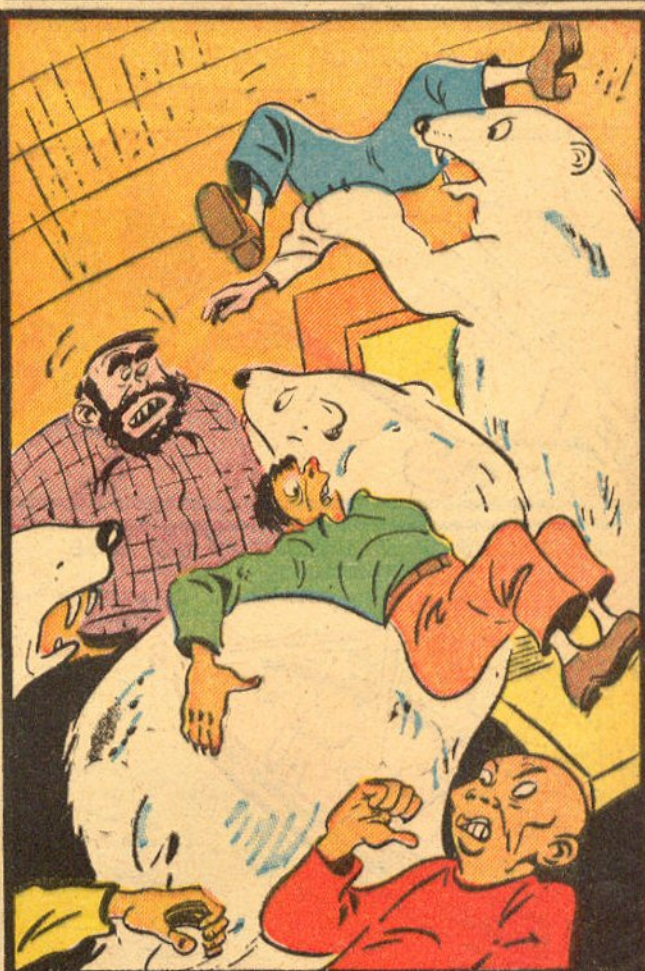
NOW'S OUR
CHANCE,
BOYS.



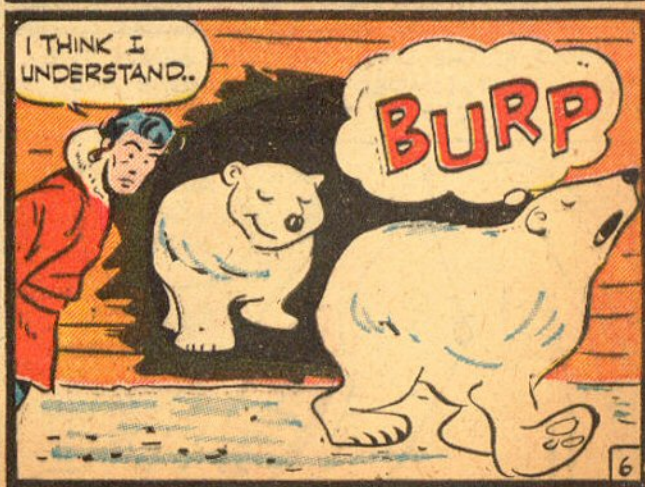
LISTEN TO THAT YELLING!
WHAT'S HAPPENING
ON ESKIMO MOE'S
SHIP?

LET'S GO
AND FIND
OUT.

YEOW OH OWW
EYAH



MY GOSH!! THE WHOLE CREW IS DEAD--
RIPPED TO PIECES --NOTHING BUT
BONES!!



I THINK I
UNDERSTAND..

BURP



THEY USED
TO GIGGLE,
LAUGH and SMIRK
GIRLS THOUGHT I
WAS AN AWFUL JERK



WITH
GLOVER'S NOW
MY RATING'S HIGH
MY HAIR'S GOT CLASS
I'M A DIFFERENT GUY!



MEN! It's the trim, neat fellows that get the gals!

Glover's famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment is helping to give a neat, attractive, well-groomed appearance to many American men and women in the Armed Forces. Three generations of Americans have used Glover's Mange Medicine for the Scalp and Hair. And now, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress complete this tried-

and-true treatment. Try all three, separately or together—AT OUR EXPENSE! Ask at your favorite Drug Store or PX. Your money back if not delighted. TRIAL SIZE! Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair." Mail the coupon today!

TRY THIS FAMOUS 1-2-3 MEDICINAL TREATMENT AT OUR EXPENSE!

GLOVER'S



with massage for
**DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP
and Excessive
FALLING HAIR**

1 Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. You'll like its spicy fragrance—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!

2 Wash your hair with GLO-VER SHAMPOO. Produces abundant lather—leaves the hair soft, clean and EASY to comb. Good in hard or soft water! Use after each application of Glover's Mange Medicine.

3 Try Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for conditioning scalp and hair. Use this new kind of "oil treatment" for easy application and a smart appearance. Special instructions for women. Non-alcoholic. Antiseptic!



Send for
**COMPLETE TRIAL
APPLICATION**

ATTACHMENT OF
**Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping**
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 5410, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

Send by return mail, "Complete Trial Application" package, as advertised. I enclose 25¢.

☐ I am a member of the U. S. Armed Forces—send "Complete Trial Application" FREE. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____